

**A Personal History of the
Department of Psychology of
The University of Alabama**

Paul S. Siegel

July, 1995

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Introduction

I propose to present here an historical account of the early development of the Department of Psychology of the University of Alabama. I shall give emphasis to the graduate program for I believe, rightly or wrongly, that it is here that the final gauge of academic quality is to be found.

This department has been cited nationally as a model of a department that has been and continues to be strongly supportive of its graduate students. As a measure of this, through an active annual newsletter, we know the whereabouts of at least ninety percent of our 316 doctoral graduates (as of May, 1995). With this as a context, I am comfortable in presenting by way of introduction a note I found in my departmental box in 1966. Nowhere, at any time, have I read a more elegant description of the doctoral program in psychology and the plight of the graduate student. This note was anonymously conceived. I can only surmise as to its authorship.

Wednesday
November 9, 1966

Once upon a time long, long ago in the land of Beelzebub lived a giant troll with long scraggly hair and broken fingernails and shaky hands. Now, this was a good-intending, well-meaning troll who served as a historian to Beelzebub and wrote great tomes with particular emphasis and scholarly pursuit of the schizofrubiacks (a little known, but much discussed subgroup of Beelzebubians). The goodly, but ugly troll worked night and day, writing and writing, growing more scraggly and broken-fingernailed by the day (and night)--thinking all the while that this particular tome on the schizofrubiacks would be a contribution to the literature of significant standing.

Unfortunately, the troll must have made a bit of a mistake in assigning too much importance to the duties of historian, in taking it too seriously, and, perhaps, in misinterpreting the instructions of the god-like-ones (who had assigned the job to the troll in the first place). Now, misinterpretation was not difficult for this troll or all the other Beelzebubian trolls as the god-like-ones often lapsed into their ancient, native tongue of "abstractika" (particularly on matters of importance to the State) and it seemed quite a bit was lost in the translation to Beelzebubian.

So it happened that when the giant troll finished this particular tome and presented it to the greatest god-like-one, Siegalia, the troll had reached the absolute in scragginess, broken finger-nailedness, and nervous-shakiness--but, DESPITE the addition of a raw, red, runny warty nose to this impoverished countenance and deep, wheezy cough (developed from the peculiar climate and rather unhealthy atmosphere of Beelzebub)--despite this, the troll was reasonably pleased with having at last finished the great tome. The troll waited patiently for the great Siegalia to read the tome.

When the great day arrived and the great Siegalia called the troll into his chambers, the troll went shuffling humbly into his presence, eagerly anticipating great wisdom and guidance from the greatest of god-like-ones. And the troll stood there, waiting, peering at its broken fingernails and clutching its shabby rags

of cloth. The god-like-one spoke, and, from his lips came these words spoken in the language of the ancients: "redundant, repetitious, great deal of irrelevant detail...too long, much too long." Timidly the troll ventured to say, "Would you comment on the content...the idea?" "Can't tell the forest for the trees," Siegelia replied sagely, "now, go, I have an appointment." So, the troll went--shuffling slowly, wiping away the great tears with its shaggy, scraggly hair and disappeared forever into the great mass of Beelzebubians.

So, some may ask, though few will care, what has happened to the giant troll since that fateful day? Well, those close to the troll stated that it went into a severe depression, crying many hours, and generally became uglier and scragglier than ever. It wailed to empty walls where only cockroaches listened. It tried to work but merely wrote a poem that went something like this:

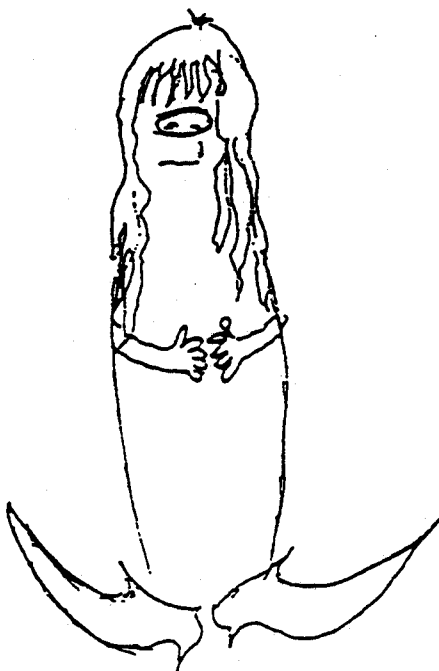
**Dissertationmanship Revised
(or how to commit suicide in the abstract)**

Suicide takes many forms
An unrewarding life is born
An unsuccessful rise from ashes
With scars from dissertation slashes.

Upon the vague you beat your head
Until your sight is bloody read
With considerations and dissonance
Which never make the slightest sense

To god-like-ones, anxiety's sporting
To others, Weltschmerz's unrewarding

Why kill yourself to no avail
When the real feat takes less travail?



In the strict sense, history is created by a single tick of the clock. If it happened and it aint happening at this very moment, it's history. But you and I are not really satisfied with this definition. More than a single second must elapse before we are content with the label "historical." It is nineteen hundred and ninety five at the moment. I propose to cover events occurring within and about the department beginning with its inception in 1937. It was in the 1937 catalogue that the department was first listed in Arts and Sciences. Prior to that time, as was then true in so many other universities, psychology was domiciled in the College of Education. Such was our origin. Departments elsewhere sprang from Philosophy. My account will extend through about 1972. That is, I shall have little to say about what happened after 1972. "History" as defined here will extend backward to twenty three years ago. That's close to the twenty-five year age requirement that defines an "antique" automobile in the state of Alabama (with the attendant privilege of escaping each year the requirement to purchase new tags).

There are many ways of organizing history: great persons, great events, straightforward chronological development. All have been done. I have chosen a mixture. To be sure the reader will find names, dates, and facts for that is the essence of history. But this account will be a highly personal one and will, I hope, capture as well "the spirit of the times," the combination of sociology and politics that have generated a supporting context.

I came to Alabama in 1945 from the University of Richmond. I was appointed as an instructor and, if memory serves me clearly, my salary was twenty-four hundred dollars for the nine months academic year. Again, if memory serves me clearly, mine was no strong sense of poverty at the time. Twenty-four hundred dollars was the going rate. And two hundred and sixty seven dollars a month with wife but no children, spent long.

I retired in 1988. Marking that occasion, the department declared a "Paul Siegel Day." A banquet was held and in preparation I prepared a quick and dirty history of the department. I did not present this at that time. I was simply overcome by the sight and sounds of so many of my former students and by the tributes paid me by these dear friends, colleagues, and "old" students. I did circulate it later. I shall present that sketch again; this time in a shortened version. This will serve admirably as an introduction. In some sense the pages that follow merely supplement or expand that brief history. I have tried to hang flesh on them bones. For the most part these are experiences that got recorded in my head bone as eventful and as surely reflecting the times.

I date the beginning of the department as 1937, the first year in which psychology courses were listed in the bulletin of the College of Arts and Sciences under the heading "Department of Psychology." As best I can piece it together, Donald Ramsdell was brought from Harvard in 1937 to establish this new department in Arts and Sciences and he was given the rank of Associate Professor. The 1937 A&S bulletin lists but one other psychology faculty member, a "Mrs. Royal," with rank unspecified. Elsewhere I found a notation suggesting that Mrs. Royal was quite likely a part-time instructor. The bulletin also listed under Department of Psychology, two "readers."

Prior to 1937, the Department of Psychology was found within the College of Education. In 1937, this Department continued in Education so that, in effect, that year the University boasted two Departments of Psychology. However, the only overlapping course offering was general psychology. The courses listed in Education clearly reflected

specialization in that area; titles in the Arts & Sciences Department reflected content widely viewed today as "purely psychological."

It is informative to look at the actual course offerings found in A&S in the first year of operation as a formal department. Specifically, the following were offered (or at least listed) in 1937 in the A&S bulletin: General Psychology (two semesters), Sensory Psychology (two semesters), Physiological Psychology (two semesters), Experimental Psychology (two semesters), Social Psychology, Psychology of Personality, Abnormal Psychology, Schools of Psychology (two semesters), General Seminar (two semesters), and Psychological Aspects of Speech. At three semester hours of credit each that totals 48 hours. The teaching faculty of one associate professor and one part-time instructor assisted by two "readers" must have permitted no time for research. It's my quessestimate that teaching loads must have been fifteen hours, perhaps more. It also seems safe to assume that all courses listed in the bulletin were not actually offered in 1937.

Following the course listings, an interesting footnote (in italics) appeared in the 1937 bulletin: "The laboratory fees in each course are fifty cents."

Donald Ramsdell must have been an active one in 1937-38. The 38-39 bulletin reflected reorganization of courses and titles with the addition of several new ones and some strengthening of faculty. The name of part-time instructor Royal disappeared and that of full-time instructor Cowles replaced it. The total number of readers increased to five. Meantime in the College of Education, the Department of Psychology was dropped and replaced by a sectional title, "Psychology." Only a course in General Psychology overlapped with the Arts and Sciences offerings and only the course in Child Psychology could be viewed as possibly more appropriately housed in psychology. All other offerings clearly reflected appropriate specialty emphasis in Education.

By 1942, Donald Ramsdell had achieved the status of Full Professor and the divorce between A&S and Education had become final. All psychology courses in Education were now offered within a newly formed Department of Educational Psychology and all titles reflected content specialization in Ed. Psych. In A&S the psychology faculty remained unchanged with Instructor Cowles now replaced by Instructor George Miller. At this writing George Miller is a distinguished Harvard professor and a former President of the American Psychological Association. At this early stage in his career, I believe that he held a masters degree in speech. "Lab fees" in psychology had increased to one dollar per course.

In the decade following the end of World War II, roughly 1946 through 1955, enrollment boomed in the colleges and universities of the country as discharged GI's hastened to take advantage of the GI Bill of Education. Alabama was no exception. Indeed, such was the pressure of numbers here that insufficient housing and classroom space forced the University to develop a second campus. Known as the Northington campus, the temporary buildings constructed in that area by the government during World War II were turned into makeshift housing and classroom units. As I recall, this campus was used for two or three years, perhaps a bit longer.

In Psychology, we enjoyed a parallel enrollment boom in our graduate program. We now offered the masters degree. This was attractive enough (coupled with financial assistance from the GI bill) to draw a substantial complement of graduate students; enough active bodies to provide a stimulating academic environment. In other words we prospered during this decade. In the period, 1947 through 1957, we graduated 49 masters

degrees; among them: Irv Alexander and Jeanne Ruth Levy (our two first; both finished in 1947), Clint Anderson, Pat Barker, Paul Bramwell, Jim Brantley, Carolyn Calhoun, Pat Comer, Mike Dinoff, Buck Dorman, Bill Edmonston, Norm Ellis, Jim Foshee, Ray Fowler, Jeanne Franklin, Jack Hain, Jean Ruth Levy, Malcolm MacDonnell, Marilyn Methvin, George Middleton, Jim Morris, Waters Paul, Dempsey Pennington, Dick Possenti, Bill Prado, Dick Reynolds, Jim Rogers, Morris Steinberg, Ray Swords, and Steve Zollczynski.

In those early days admission to the university's graduate program is best described as something just short of casual. Prior application was not required. The candidate simply showed up at registration (then held in Foster auditorium) and in almost every instance, was advised and enrolled on the spot. It was too often the case that the ready availability of support through the GI bill encouraged application to graduate study of individuals sorely lacking in both motivation and ability. If memory serves me fairly, one year we enrolled 30 graduate students and only 5 finished the masters program. Perhaps better illustrating this loose admission policy, I recall advising at registration one young man who first introduced himself and then declared with total candor, "Just gimme one crip course. I wanna git broke in easy." I gave him three of our stoutest. And he didn't finish the semester.

In 1945, the permanent faculty consisted of Professor Ramsdell (still Head), Assistant Professor Oliver Lacey, and Instructor Paul Siegel. By 1956, this had become: Professors Lacey (Head), Professor Siegel, and Professor Margaret Quayle, Associate Professor George Passey, Assistant Professors Ray Fowler, John Kelton, and Ted Sterling. Al Peyman was at that time a Lecturer in Psychology having resigned an earlier associate professorship to develop a psychological service at Bryce Hospital.

In these early years the Department was housed in one wing of Comer Hall. The space allotted to Psychology included one large room used to house and do research with rats, one large room operated as a human lab by George Passey, one small seminar room, one classroom, a shop, and about eight office spaces. Large lecture sections were taught in the old physics lecture hall on the other side of Comer Hall. A surplus wooden structure in Smith Woods also served variously as an animal research facility and a psychological clinic under the direction of Margaret Quayle.

Beginning about 1954 or 55, our graduate enrollment began to fall away as it became more and more obvious that the masters degree was simply not competitive in the professional market. By this time, the Ph.D. had become the standard.

In 1957 I became head of the department and I spent the summer as a visiting professor at Vanderbilt University. At that time there was a fully accredited doctoral program. Here I was struck with the recognition that the Alabama faculty closely approached the Vanderbilt faculty in overall quality. It seemed that little in the way of further faculty expansion would be required to close the gap between us and an accredited doctorate in clinical psychology. On my return, my first act was to convene the psychology faculty and put to them the question, "Do you want a doctoral program?" The answer of course was a resounding "Yes." We spent the year in planning assisted by a number of outside consultants notably Irv Berg of LSU, Earl Brown then serving on the staff of the Tuscaloosa VA Hospital, and John McKee who offered sage advice on outside funding opportunities. The University Administration was friendly and NIMH promised us a training grant. By happy coincidence, the NIMH review and evaluation of the Department was conducted by Irv Alexander, our first M.A. In the 1958-59 university catalog, we announced the Ph.D., stood well in our subsequent APA site visit, and within

the next year received initial APA accreditation. Perhaps some kind of record was established.

Undertaking a doctoral program, starting from scratch, can fill you with humility. We began operations with a somewhat unusual hidden strategy, something that we could not quite recognize explicitly; we generated an entering class with guaranteed success. We would "sorta" validate all criteria (tests, exams, etc.) against the performance of our three (later four) most impressive and most trusted recent masters graduates. Thus, we found support for and invited back Buck Dorman, Carolyn Calhoun, and Al Griffith. Just a bit later, we added Larry Bernard. They became the criteria against which we evaluated just about every requirement in the first year or two of operation of the doctoral program. Criteria on which they performed poorly were taken to be invalid, unreliable, or both. Criteria on which they performed well were kept in place. By 1962, we had graduated seven doctorates. Buck Dorman and Al Griffith were the first, followed closely by Larry Bernard, Carolyn Calhoun, John Hannon, Jim Pate, and Bob Travis. The faculty now numbered 10. Among these was Charlie Rickard who joined us as an assistant professor in 1961.

It is of course true that the University and the department operated within a socio-political context. With Alabama and Mississippi as the focus the fifties saw the black man's struggle for equality, Alabama's Arthurine Lucy case, and the rise to political power of George Wallace. These events had enormous impact on the University. This story has been told many times elsewhere.

Research

In writing about the history of psychological inquiry at the university I shall follow convention and organize my thoughts in terms of the laboratories involved. In doing this I have not lost sight of the fact that the laboratory is merely a site that presents the means for easily controlling relevant variables. In the methodology of psychological inquiry there are other routes to valued findings. It sometimes happens that a "natural setting" presents such an opportunity. Relevant variables have been controlled by conditions more or less naturally given. It is of course true that the final verdict on validity must come from a situation that presents the means for making the finding come and go with manipulated variables. And it is here that the laboratory typically presents the unique opportunity for making this happen. However, studies conducted in natural settings can be viewed as quite valuable. They point the way. Thus, whereas it certainly did not qualify as a laboratory study in the strict sense of control, considerable value attaches to an experimental investigation conducted by several undergraduate psychology majors at the University when, in the fifties, they placed a ladder on a busy street in Tuscaloosa and counted the number of blacks and whites that elected to walk around it. As positioned, it would have been far easier to walk under the ladder. This was a clever and potentially fruitful way of examining in a limited way the then cherished belief that the black man is more superstitious than the white man. (In actual finding, more whites than blacks went around. Unfortunately, the observers failed to separate gender and race -- a confounded study. Was the associated variable gender or race? We don't know. Too bad the study was not repeated with proper counts.) My account of psychological inquiry at the university will focus on laboratories. This I know best.

When I came to the University in 1945, a large room on the first floor of Comer Hall was dedicated to animal research. Therein were located a small colony of white rats and a few pieces of home-made equipment. I had brought with me a Skinner box that I had fashioned in the University of North Carolina shop and with the help of Irv Alexander (then 50% of our graduate body) I set up shop. Together we began to gather data relating to a "deduction" from the then dominant learning position of Clark Hull. In those days this was quite the thing to do. Many young psychologists were strongly persuaded that it was only the learning process that could be claimed as uniquely the province of psychology. To them, other issues seemed more the business of biology or mathematics. And it was widely held that the understanding of just how organisms learn (homo sapiens included) was to be found in observations of the white rat performing in a manner designed to "test" the theoretical speculations of Guthrie, Hull, Skinner, or Tolman. And we gloried in that conviction. Equipment was "home-made," largely of wood construction, fashioned in a departmental shop, always painted a flat black (I once drew heavy manifestations of incredulity when, in the shop at LSU, I painted a piece of equipment red), and operated mechanically. The pigeon was just beginning to nudge the white rat for laboratory attention. And the learning environment, as an advance from the early much-too-complex multiple unit maze, had become a Skinner box for the pigeon; and for the rat, a single unit T maze, a straight runway, or another Skinner box. In the fifties, a great boom in the commercial production of animal laboratory equipment occurred. Stainless steel and clear plastic replaced wood; elegant relay equipment replaced the manually operated stopwatch and the paper and pencil protocol sheet. The era of the snap lead and the relay rack was underway. Names familiar to the "rat runners" or the "pigeon runners" of the day were: Ralph Gerbrands, Foringer, and Grason-Statler. The departmental shop drew dust or surrendered to the construction of faculty furniture. A great romantic era was laid gently to rest as technology and easily available Federal research money took over (no concern then with a runaway national debt).

By the fifties the rat colony and associated research had moved to Smith Woods. A large wooden building, formerly part of the vast complex of temporary government buildings erected hastily during the crisis of World War II, had been constructed there for the purpose. The building had been classified as "surplus", taken down at various sites across the country, and donated to interested universities. Alabama got its share. Oliver Lacey, then "Head" of the department ("Chairman" and, of course, later "Chair Person", and still later "Chair" derived out of yet-to-happen chapters in academic protocol) had learned of the possible availability of the structure and had been pressed hard at the time for an immediate description of specifications. I remember well the haste with which we drew up a floor plan, all the while gripped firmly by the conviction that we were dealing with another "dream budget"; realization seemed about as proximate as a walk on the moon. Amazement time came many months later. It had actually happened. We learned in a phone call that the building had been received, erected in Smith Woods, and was ready for occupancy. "Come and get the keys." Our elation was immediately smothered in gloom. We had totally ignored plumbing. No water; no toilets! A tolerant administration (the "Big A"), doubtless smiling benignly at those wooly-headed professors, gave us running water, rest rooms, and a hosedown concrete floor for the rat colony room. Elation returned.

George Passey with a degree in experimental psychology from Tulane joined us in 1955. Later he took over space in Comer Hall abandoned by the physics department. He designed and constructed there a "chair in space." This was a formidable piece of equipment which could, with a blindfolded human subject aboard, be rotated into various positions. His was a quest for some understanding of spatial orientation. Later, impressed as was I with the theorizing of Kenneth Spence, he also carried out a number of studies of eyelid conditioning.

We were awarded a second wooden building in the early fifties. Located on the same side of the campus, it became known as Siegel's Messhall. Here's why. For some time I had been concerned with factors regulating hunger and thirst in the rat and these studies had drawn the attention of psychologists employed by the Quartermaster Corps in Chicago. Government officials concerned with the nutritional status of military personnel had received reports of unusual eating behaviors among the GIs in combat in Korea. Retreating down the peninsula in the early days of the war, quite broadly they had exhibited an overwhelming preference for beans. Welcomed by a following horde of South Koreans and quickly harvested, the roads of South Korea were littered with discarded and unopened cans of good corned beef that had been rated high in palatability stateside. At that time the employees of the huge Quartermaster Corps depot in Chicago provided the criteria of ration acceptance. They rated potential culinary offerings on a palatability scale designed by L. L. Thurstone. The lesson was obvious: In combat food preferences change dramatically. The Quartermaster Corps was also concerned at that time with the effect on food preferences arising out of a repetitive menu. Is there a monotony or boredom effect and if so, how quickly does it happen and what items are most vulnerable? To this end we established a small messhall on campus and fed groups of volunteer male students three free meals a day for protracted periods. This was a balanced diet, served hot, and drawn from existing C rations. There were catches: The same menu was served every other day, the "subjects" agreed to eat nothing elsewhere, and to drop out only at predetermined intervals (every fourth day). Daily weights and caloric intake records provided a check on outside abstinence. There was no shortage of volunteers, of course. There exists in every state university at least a small proportion of male students who manage to get by day to day in a hand-to-mouth existence. (Taken literally this was the kind of contract we offered.) Cheating was rare. We had to scratch

very few subjects. And we learned several lessons. The magnitude of the monotony effect, as judged by the decline in palatability ratings and the dropout rate, was found to be predictable from initial ratings; the higher the initial palatability rating of the food item, the less the weakening effect of repetition. We also learned that most male college students tend strongly to eat in "units." They rarely left anything on their plates. And when given opportunity to reorder, they often did so but, again, infrequently did they leave any portion of uneaten food. (Can you hear your mother? "Eat everything on your plate. Don't you leave a thing. People are starving all over this world.") This last lesson: Food intake is in part determined by the size of the helping was not received with wild enthusiasm by the Quartermaster Corps. The size of the C ration can was at risk. And a magnificent inertia, probably economic in origin, obtained here. It would be easier to get the industry to change the sizing of paper bags.

About 1965 Ken Melvin took over the messhall. It became a second animal lab. Indeed, with his interests in snakes, fish, hawks, quail, and rats, Kenny could readily claim to have established quite early the foundation for a genuine comparative laboratory. Kenny moved his laboratories into the new building when it opened in 1968. Incidentally, the building was first known as the "Math-Psychology Building"; "Gordon Palmer" came later.

I spent 1962-63 as a visiting professor at LSU in Baton Rouge. I brought back with me three new graduate students: Ann Clay, George Foreman, and John Randolph. As I recall it, Ann and George had divided the Outstanding Undergraduate Psychology Major Award as seniors at LSU. John was a bright if sometimes abrasive first year graduate student at LSU who had grown unhappy with his lot there. All three completed the doctorate with us in due course. John, Walter Sullins, and Steve Kendall formed overnight a holy alliance. With high enthusiasm, boundless energy, and a considerable measure of ingenuity they transformed the Smith Woods animal lab into SEBAC (Southeastern Behavioral Analysis Center). An oversized sign posted over the front door announced this to the world. Within the boundaries of SEBAC there developed a devotion to Skinner and operant conditioning without match elsewhere on this planet. Steve spun theory, Walter designed equipment, and John, with missionary zeal, converted offbalanced graduate students seeking theoretical identity. Pigeons moved in and operant pecking resounded in the corridors. Almost magically a substantial supply of electronically sophisticated relay rack equipment got turned out "homemade." A government surplus warehouse in the Atalla-Gadsden area provided, at a penny on the dollar, a bounty of components. Walter Sullins' ingenuity and the ready hands of SEBAC's enthusiasts produced equipment on a scale and a budget that defied credulity. Insular but productive, SEBAC flourished for several years and then died like a spent comet. John Randolph graduated in 1966 and Walter Sullins moved on to the University of Alabama at Huntsville in the same year. Steve Kendall departed for Canada in 1967. In 1968 only the pigeons carried the SEBAC standard when we marched into the new building. Bob Hall, graduate of the doctoral program at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, became heir presumptive to the operant mantle in 1967.

Norm Ellis joined us in 1964 bringing along with him, from George Peabody College, a well equipped "travel lab" (18 feet of mobile laboratory space) and a research grant from NIMH. With him came a contagious enthusiasm for rigorously researching mental retardation. In this last Norm had (has?) no match in the whole of psychology. He also brought along John Belmont (now at the University of Kansas), at that time a first year graduate student at Peabody, who also had (has?) no match. Norm immediately put together a proposal to develop a doctoral degree in mental retardation with strong emphasis on an experimental approach. It was received warmly by NICHD, supported,

and put into effect in 1966. Over the years that have followed, this grant has proved to be an enormous asset to the graduate program in psychology.

Influenced strongly by Norm's enthusiasm and supported on a research grant from NIMH, I began a study of incentive motivation in "the mental retardate" in 1966 (Like "the insane," "mental retardate" became anathema very shortly thereafter). Partlow was then little more than a gigantic warehouse. The population was enormous and its "guests" ranged in intelligence from borderline to profoundly retarded. Some had been literally dumped there. The theme was custodial. Treatment and educational opportunity approached zero. In spots, hygienic conditions were appalling. Fire hazards were common. The budget would not have properly supported a tenth of the population. The officials welcomed my request for laboratory space and access to a subject population. At least they encouraged social interaction for their clients. There was little if any interest in or concern with the specific details of the studies that I proposed. And, of course, there existed at that time no review committee. Initially our motivation lab was housed in a recently constructed brick cottage. Joann Williams served as my research assistant. She was a good 'un. (Jo later became a professor of psychology at the University of South Alabama.) We sought other locations when it became, on a daily basis, necessary to pick our way vigilantly through the urine and fecal matter that clogged the sheltered laboratory corridor. The stench was staggering. Today, I like to think of those deposits as gifts of gratitude; surely not expressions of hostility. The simple truth of the matter is that they spelled out "relief" in a setting that provided little instruction on the exercise of social graces. Our second lab was a forty foot mobile home, modified for the purpose, and funded on an NIMH research grant. Unlike the permanent structures on the Partlow "campus," it was air conditioned. Located in the sunshine in an open space that denied privacy in the surround, we experienced no further voiding invasions.

Al Baumeister joined the faculty in 1965 and later added a second mobile lab to the Partlow campus. Together, these two labs turned out a substantial number of experimental papers over the next few years. Many of these were presented at the Gatlinburg Conference (Gatlinburg, Tennessee) by both faculty and graduate students. The Gatlinburg Conference on mental retardation was initiated by Norm Ellis in 1968. Utilizing means best described as "by heck and by darn," Norm had put together this conference, had invited participants, notably from George Peabody College in Nashville, had drawn up a program, and proceeded almost singlehandedly to bring into existence an enormously stimulating adventure in experimental approaches to mental retardation. This conference has met annually ever since and its early success invited later support from NICHD. Currently (1994), the Gatlinburg Conference is directed by Steve Schroeder of the University of Kansas.

The spirit that prevailed in the early meetings of the Gatlinburg Conference is fully captured in the following tale. In the Seventies, a strong sense of rivalry existed between the University's Department of Psychology and George Peabody College. Both operated strong graduate programs in the study of mental retardation. And both "sides" were likely to count the number of papers contributed by each to the annual program of the Gatlinburg Conference. Enormous satisfaction attended a demonstration of superiority in "the count." Inevitably this friendly rivalry led to a showdown. Which program had generated (or at least nourished) the strongest beer chugger? Surely this was the arena wherein final program superiority could be conclusively demonstrated. Anticipation grew; wagering within the limited resources of graduate students became the course. The evening arrived. Peabody, as I recall it, with unbecoming fanfare, presented its champion, a somewhat rotund young man, strong in his confidence of victory, with a tray of medals that clearly attested to earlier successes. Modestly, we offered our

challenger; a female no less. Peabody scoffed. Male chauvinism rang loudly. The gladiators were seated vis-a-vis at a small table. A cold bottle of beer was placed before each and the signal given. The race was on. The crowd cheered. The room dampened with sweat. The Peabody champion was good. Quickly he raised the bottle. But four rapid gulps were required. The bottle was drained. He timed out at eight seconds. Our champion was better. No gulps. She simply opened her throat and poured the beer into that funnel-like cavity. She timed out at six seconds. It wasn't even a close contest. The margin was clear; the victory complete. Alabama had the superior graduate program. Secure within the statute of limitations I can now give you the name of our champion: It was Sheila Moore.

Paul Weisberg joined us in 1968 and established his Early Childhood Day Care Center in 1970 in the old nursing school building just to the right of Gordon Palmer. Working with the youngsters there and in the public school system of Tuscaloosa, Paul greatly improved the teaching of reading, a method known as Distar. Inspiration came out of a sabbatical leave he spent at Oregon studying Distar. All to his credit, his improved version was adopted by the Tuscaloosa Public School System.

Mental Health

In the psychology seminar room (369) of Gordon Palmer Hall in the late summer of 1970 there was launched a truly fateful event. It often happens that events of enormous historical significance are triggered by happenings having no or little cognate relationship to the final thrust of history. Enormously significant historical events may have very modest beginnings. Sometimes they are "accidentally" determined. Something like that happened in the psychology department in the summer of 1970. Ray Fowler, then head of the department, had called together the faculty of the department in response to a front page article appearing in the Tuscaloosa News (and in most other papers in the state) on the preceding evening. Citing budgetary concerns, Stonewall Stickney, State Commissioner of Mental Health, had announced the imminent discharge of over a hundred employees of Bryce Hospital. Listed were a number of professionals including one or two of our former students and, of primary concern to us all, our good friend, colleague, and part-time faculty member, Al Peyman. The focus of this initial meeting was on the treatment of these employees and for the most part it was devoted to the expression of indignation and to vague plans to restore these positions. Further meetings were planned. And, in fact, they did occur later.

Ray and his wife Nancy conferred that evening with their next door neighbors, Jay and Alberta Murphy. Jay Murphy taught constitutional and labor law in the university's law school. Alberta possessed a law degree but at that time was not active professionally. Both, along with Ray and other members of the psychology department's faculty, had long expressed concern with the deplorable conditions at Bryce Hospital. That evening fate added a twist. George Dean just happened to be a house guest of the Murphys. At that time, George had pretty much devoted his practice to civil rights issues. And he too was deeply incensed by conditions at Bryce. From a concern with the fate of the threatened staff, attention soon shifted that evening to the patient's right to treatment. Since proper treatment would require proper staffing, the interests of the threatened staff entered as a consequence: Treatment would require treaters. And so it was that evening within that little group that the constitutional right to treatment of the patient involuntarily committed to a state mental hospital received articulation. Later, in a preliminary session with Judge Frank Johnson, George Dean dropped his concern with the employees' rights. His class action suit, Wyatt vs. Stickney, focused on the treatment rights of the patient. A state court suit brought by a Tuscaloosa lawyer later restored the employee's jobs.

Judge Frank Johnson heard the case in January of 1971 and two months later delivered the opinion that the patient had a constitutional right to "adequate" treatment and that treatment administered at Bryce Hospital failed to meet proper criteria. Bryce authorities were given ninety days to prepare a treatment plan and six months to implement it. This was, of course, a landmark decision; one that would, in its later fully developed form (litigation continued for several years, of course) rock the very foundations of state mental institutions across the country. Perhaps psychology's Room 369 in Gordon Palmer Hall should house a plaque commemorating that early protest meeting. For sure, Ray Fowler deserves a medal for his leadership during the days that followed.

But that aint all. There's more to the story. Other faculty members played a role in this fast developing mental health drama. In 1972, Judge Johnson spelled out in

enormous detail (down to the last toothbrush) just exactly what constituted "adequate" treatment of the residents of Alabama's mental health institutions. And, of course, this order applied to Partlow State School and Hospital. In the opinion of the Justice Department, the state's implementation response that followed was inadequate in both quantity and quality and, in 1978, suit was brought to show noncompliance. The surrender of control of Alabama's mental health system to a federal master was threatened. In the Partlow hearings, Norm Ellis played a heavy role in representing the state's position. Alabama sought some relief from both the substance and interpretation of the 1972 order. And some was granted. Of the greatest significance however, control of the system remained in the hands of the state.

There's still more. The sixties and early seventies witnessed a growing swell of protest from the prison population throughout the country. Housing and treatment of prisoners had reached deplorable conditions. In the seventies in Alabama this took principal focus in two lawsuits brought by prisoners, Worley James and Jerry Pugh. In 1975, the two suits were combined and heard by Judge Johnson as a single case. Earlier decisions in Alabama's courts had attacked desegregation and inadequate medical treatment. But in the decision on Pugh-James, announced by Judge Johnson in January of 1976, sweeping reforms in every dimension of prisoner housing and treatment were ordered. Among these reforms was cited the immediate requirement to reclassify every prisoner in the Alabama system. By Johnson's order (later challenged unsuccessfully by Auburn interests), The University of Alabama's Department of Psychology was named as the agency responsible for implementing reclassification and Ray Fowler was designated as leader of the project. Joining him in this Homeric undertaking were department faculty members, Stan Brodsky, Carl Clements, and Chuck Owens. Also contributing strongly were graduate students, Rhonwyn Carson, Susan Course, Brad Fisher, Robin Ingalls, Al Jackson, Taz Jones, Allison Nathan, and Wyatt Nichols. This team labored through the summer of 1976 in the face of nasty opposition from prison authorities and cruel temperatures that often exceeded one hundred degrees in the work space. Amazingly, within a year the project was brought to conclusion. A bit more time was required, however, before the prison authorities stopped dragging their heels and went about the business of instituting the recommended reclassification changes.

The Thing

Tom Gilbert joined the department in 1958. Closer to reality: the department joined Tom in 1958. At the time I was serving as the department's principal administrator (then referred to as the Head). Without exaggeration I can now say that administering Tom required something just short of full time.

Tom came to us from an NSF Fellowship at Harvard having completed a year of study with B. F. Skinner. Prior to that he had served as an Assistant Professor of Psychology at the University of Georgia. It was there that I knew him best. We shared a common interest in animal research.

Within our department, in the course of about a year, Tom prepared a proposal that involved as cooperating agencies, the Colbert County Health Department, the Alabama Association for Mental Health, the Psychological Clinic of the University, the State of Alabama Board of Corrections, the State of Alabama Commission on Alcoholism, Julia Tutwiler Prison, the Montgomery Spastic Children's School, Draper Correctional Center, Tuscaloosa County Inferior Court, the Tuscaloosa County Social Service Club, the Alabama State Hospitals, Partlow State School and Hospital, and the Speech and Hearing Clinic of the University.

As consultants (with full acceptance from each, of course) Tom named 31 distinguished researchers or administrators; among them: Sidney Bijou, Director of the Institute of Child Development at the University of Washington, E. E. Cureton, Head of the Department of Psychology at the University of Tennessee, John Falk, School of Public Health of Harvard University, Charles Ferster, Institute of Psychiatric Research of Indiana University, H. C. Gilhousen, Head of the Department of Psychology of the University of California at Los Angeles, Eleanor and Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School, Israel Goldiamond of the Department of Psychology of Southern Illinois University, Norman Guttman of the Department of Psychology at Duke University, Joseph Hammock, Director of Training Research at the Bell Laboratories, Ralph Hefferline of the Department of Psychology of Columbia University, James Holland of the Psychological Laboratories of Harvard University, David Kantor of the Department of Social Relations of Harvard University, Ogden Lindsley of the Behavior Research Laboratories at Harvard University, W. N. Schoenfeld of the Department of Psychology at Columbia University, E. J. Shoben of Teacher's College of Columbia University, B. F. Skinner, Edgar Pierce Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, Edward Stainbrook, Head of the Department of Psychiatry of the University of Southern California, and J. S. Tarwater, Superintendent of Bryce State Hospital. Certainly a Who's Who in social relations.

Tom proposed A Behavior Research and Development Center at the University of Alabama under the joint auspices of the Department of Psychology and the Division of Mental Hygiene of the Alabama Department of Public Health. As conceived by Tom, the center would operate as an administrative division of the Department of Psychology. The Foreword of the proposal describes the thrust, "---an experiment in the organization and coordination of research and development pertinent to mental hygiene and education." The learning process was taken to be the central theme. The purpose was held to be that

of bridging theory and practice. This was to be accomplished by creating effective overlap among five successive stages in the development of ideas relating to education and mental hygiene. The common denominator was the learning process. Initial laboratory research would shade into a second stage, Fundamental Development, which in turn would interlock with Specific Development. This last would lead directly into Design and Proving. And this would then engage the final stage, Training and Followthrough. This last would see the early products of "pure" research brought into the clinic and the school in a form that permitted effective application. The proposal developed in detail each of the five stages and named the principal investigators (another Who's Who). The proposal was 182 pages in length. Accompanying it was an appendix about three times as long. The budget (a five year one) totaled a little over three million dollars (1959!). And it went forward to NIMH in multiple copy (40 I believe). Quite a package. Lacking a descriptive label possessing the appropriate generality, I referred to it as "The Thing."

Tom chose Alabama as the supporting context for this Homeric project for several reasons. First, it was strongly his conviction that the politico-social climate of Alabama was such as to ensure the extensive cooperation among educational and social agencies required to ensure success. Secondly, at that time the Director of the Division of Mental Hygiene of Alabama's Department of Public Health, John McKee, was a psychologist and close friend of Tom's. Clearly this last gave Tom a leg up. Thirdly, he counted on a strong measure of support from the Department of Psychology.

The year given to developing the proposal was an exciting one for me; exciting in the sense of being seated more or less chronically on a set of active electrodes. Tom's energy level was boundless. Constantly in motion, speaking to groups, traveling about the country, or writing, he used every minute in twenty hours of every twenty four. I experienced the bombardment of his ideas; again, during much of the twenty four. And my study with its sofa bed became the inn of accommodation for numerous visitors, mostly distinguished. My wife grew to hate him. As for me, administering the affairs of the department of psychology became a kind of isolated and secondary concern. I pray that my neglect fell within reasonable bounds.

Tom's confidence in his project and in himself knew no qualification. In his interaction with various administrative officers of the university he radiated confidence. He took on a kind of regal bearing. No room for self doubt. Never would anyone have guessed that Tom's employment status was quite fragile. He held a one-year appointment. His salary was minimal. His future was uncertain. He was supporting a wife and children. His wit, wisdom, confidence, and enthusiasm never flagged. I recall a meeting with the Dean of Administration and the then heir-presumptive to the presidency, Alex Pow. Alex was serving as the first director of research grants. It was his responsibility to promote research in all areas and to discover and develop funding resources. In university protocol, Tom was answerable to him. It was commonly held that Alex had been brought in to prepare for the mantle. In this meeting he objected repeatedly to some minor strategy proposed by Tom. At his last complaint, Tom, seated within three feet of Alex, turned to him and, shaking his finger in his face, declared, "Mr. Pow, you have annoyed me from the very outset." Alex blanched, cringed, and came up speechless. And he continued mute for the remainder of the meeting. This remarkable display of chutzpah came to Tom without effort. He never slowed. He continued with his presentation securely armored by the sheer strength of his conviction.

While at Harvard Tom had formed a strong friendship with Charlie Slack then an Assistant Professor of Psychology in the Department of Social Relations at Harvard. Charlie's approach to psychotherapy strains the outermost bounds of the adjective, unique. First off, he invented a psychotherapy machine. In simple description, the client was confronted with a microphone, a tray, and a sign saying "Speak into the microphone and you may receive some money." A concealed observer, monitoring the spoken words, activated a magazine that, on a variable ratio schedule, delivered money to the tray (Nickels, I believe. Remember, it was the 1950's). Casting about for the means to enhance earnings, most clients (juvenile delinquents) soon fell to using words that came readily--words about themselves. This led more or less logically to the ultimate development of what Charlie called "Experimenter-Subject Therapy" or "Employer-Employee Therapy." In effect, the client was paid a salary to talk about things of value to the experimenter (the therapist). Charlie did not accept referrals, insisting on recruiting the worst incorrigible youths as subjects drawn from the streets of Boston. Persuaded by Tom of the revolutionary character of the project, Charlie departed Cambridge and joined this faculty on a risky one-year appointment (He once described himself to me as a man who truly lived by his wits.) It fell Charlie's lot to develop that section of the proposal devoted to the management of juvenile delinquency and related issues.

With the help of a supportive administration, I had managed to scratch up a make-do salary for Charlie and he joined us in the fall of 1958 as a Temporary Assistant Professor of Psychology (from Harvard to Alabama--quite a leap). His teaching load, approved by a reluctant but game administration, was to be three hours. In that day of twelve hours as the standard load in Arts and Sciences, this last should be viewed as something little short of miraculous. Or, perhaps it should be viewed as testimony to Tom's persuasiveness and the administration's anticipation of the fame and fortune that would surely flow from the project that he proposed. Charlie arrived on Saturday and called me to report his presence. The fall term was scheduled to begin on that Monday and so I hastened to explain to Charlie his teaching responsibilities. I listened, first totally incredulous and then totally angry, to his statement that he had decided not to teach because "It just isn't honest." With enormous effort I swallowed my anger and suggested calmly that I get in touch with him the next day. I had decided that he must have been drunk. Surely I would hear a different story on the morrow. But no. He restated his position and held firmly to it. And so I asked him to quickly direct to me a letter of resignation. This would free me to find a last minute teaching replacement. Charlie refused to do this saying that he preferred simply to not attend class and thus be written off as the worst professor at the University of Alabama. He added that he would be willing to walk in the woods with his students (The class in question typically enrolled about 70 students). Finally he requested an audience with the president. Suffering a curious mixture of perplexity and anger I hung up the phone. On Monday I contacted first the dean of the college and then the Dean of Administration. Acutely sensitive to the enormous teaching load concession made in Charlie's case and the awkward position he had put them in, they were both quite angry (hoppin' mad is a better description). In the meeting that followed, Charlie took immediate command. He began by describing Harvard college professors as little better than carpet baggers and then he elaborated on the "honesty" found only in southern institutions and in the people of the South. He went on for about fifteen minutes without pause. I sat there with mouth agape marveling at this religious experience. He stopped. The response from the two deans was immediate. To my utter amazement they first apologized to Charlie and then, the Dean of Administration

(He was the heavy weight), a man well known for his academic conservatism and frugality in general, said to Charlie something like this, "Charlie you just stay here at Alabama and work on the big project. No need for you to bother with any teaching. We can take care of that." The man was pleading. Charlie 'lowed as how he would do just that and we left the room. Recognizing that the man had just unhorsed the second most powerful figure in the university (third, if you count the football coach), I maintained a respectful three paces to the rear.

NIMH knew full well of both the eminence and the imminence of the proposal. The grapevine had done its work well and, from time to time, Tom would consult with various administrative officers of NIMH. It became apparent to us that to NIMH the project might be fast becoming a bete noir. Questions addressed to NIMH were never answered in writing. There were frequent phone calls and several meetings with Tom or me at professional meetings. Verbal encouragement was frequent and heavy but we never received any kind of written commitment. In early 1959 "rumor" from NIMH (a trial balloon?) had it that full support would not be forthcoming; that only pieces of the proposal would be funded. This, of course, was not acceptable. To break it up into its components would destroy totally its unique virtue; it was the gestalt that counted, the interlock between and among the components. With this as the pressing issue, Charlie burst upon the scene one day (Bursting was his wont) declaring that he had dreamed up a scheme that would surely rescue the project; a proposition so reasonable that NIMH in its most idiotic turn could not possibly ignore. He would personally sign up a blue chip panel that would agree to review objectively progress at the conclusion of the first year and on each subsequent anniversary. Their ultimate responsibility would be that of recommending continued support for another year or immediate cancellation of the project. Obviously the strength of the argument rested squarely on the eminence of the reviewing panel. Having declared his intent, Charlie departed by air. Much to the chagrin of the administration, neither Tom nor Charlie ever waited for preapproval of a travel plan. Came the idea, off they went. To the credit of an ineffectively testy administration, their travel claims were never rejected. Charlie returned in a few days. Firmly in hand were acceptances from several distinguished Americans. I remember three. Admiral Rickover led the list. And then there was the Dean of the Columbia Law School and the Director of Research for General Electric. The others were but slightly less distinguished but I have lost their identifications.

This proposal was without precedent in psychology and it came within a whisker of being funded. NIMH sent seven persons to conduct the site visit. One, believe it if you will, was a fiscal officer. The majority voted to fund but the minority vote prevailed. A closely reasoned minority report authored principally by Eliot Rodnick of Duke University carried enough conviction to relieve NIMH of a very threatening, certainly enormous, risk factor. The verdict was rejection. You can bet that I didn't feel rejected; not for long. That got quickly covered up by an overwhelming sense of relief. Tom departed for downtown Tuscaloosa where he set up an educational programming business entitled Educational Design of Alabama. Charlie joined him. Within a year or two, with the discovery of an angel, EDA became TOR (high craggy hill) and moved, with Tom and Charlie, to Connecticut. Alabama returned to a state of tranquility.

Kent State

In early May of 1970, on the campus of Kent State University National Guardsmen opened fire on student Vietnam protesters. Four students were killed. More were wounded. This tragedy served to trigger reaction on most college and university campuses across the country. Alabama was no exception. It began here with a small faculty meeting arranged hastily by grapevine and by phone. I attended this meeting in the company of Joe Bettis then Head of the Department of Religion. Joe learned early of the meeting. His was an amazing intelligence network. Beyond an elegant expression of indignation and concern the faculty meeting led nowhere. The meeting adjourned in a high state of frustration and the resolve to meet again. Almost in parallel, a small group of students met elsewhere. Joe knew of this, of course, and, at his suggestion, we joined them. They developed a plan. A committee of students (three as I recall; one being Tom Canterbury) would seek audience with President David Mathews. They asked Joe and me to accompany them to lend whatever faculty weight we could and we agreed to do so. When the President received us, Tom Canterbury acted as spokesman. Representing the students, he described three actions that the students felt to be called for. These were: address the student body, close the University for a day, and lower the flag to half mast. These were not presented as demands but rather as simple requests. Tom was calm and smiling. The President (at that time known to the students as "King David") continued cool and aloof. He refused to speak to the student body offering as his reason the fact that he had been booed during his last address. He stated that he lacked the authority to close the University but he agreed to fly the flag at half mast. One out of three.

In the days that followed, the situation worsened. Escalation was underway. A candlelight vigil ended with students assembling before the president's mansion chanting to see the president. Later on the Tuscaloosa police were called in. Some of these officers behaved viciously. Several concealed their badge numbers behind masking tape and several students were beaten on University Boulevard. The students seized the ice cream bar in the student union (later offering to pay for damages). Over a hundred were arrested and taken in buses to the poky. And a nighttime curfew was declared. The State police were called in. An old wooden campus structure, once a gymnasium, at the time scheduled for demolition, went up in smoke. Another building was somewhat damaged by fire.

Assemblage on the quadrangle was forbidden. This, of course, constituted a thrown gauntlet that the students soon picked up. They devised a game they called "walking the pig." Slowly, on signal, a group of 20 or 30 students would come together to form the forbidden assemblage. The police would arrange their phalanx and mount a charge. The students would quickly disperse to repeat the formation a few minutes later. This continued for quite some time with the students literally leading the police about the quadrangle. But finally patience fell to exasperation. Perceiving Herb Cherven (doctoral student in psychology) to be the leader, the police pounced upon him. He was arrested and carted off. He stood trial later and during the trial, his defense counsel, George Dean, entered the strong suspicion that the razed wooden gymnasium had been set afire by a student provocateur with encouragement from the FBI. This student fled the campus jumping his bail bond which, unhappily, I held (along with one or two other student bonds that I had posted). Herb was tried before Judge Joe Burns; the charge, resisting an officer in refusing to leave an unlawful assembly; the verdict: one hundred dollars in fines and six months hard time. On appeal, this was, of course, nolle prossed. Herb completed his doctorate and graduated in 1973. Allegedly encouraged by Tuscaloosa's

city fathers, Judge Burns retired almost immediately and was replaced by Gordon Rosen, a prominent Tuscaloosa attorney. Judge Rosen forgave me. On the bail bond, I paid zip.

In the course of the curfew, Howard Miller was arrested attempting to enter the campus at night. At the time, Howard was a member of a small group of faculty appointed by the president to assist where needed to preserve the peace. In his possession but pocketed at the time was an identifying armband. Howard spent a few uncomfortable hours in the poky and freed by Joe Sutton, one of the University's vice presidents. He was, I believe, the only faculty member arrested and the only arrestee permitted a phone call.

At the suggestion of the president, exams were made optional by most faculty and by about the 20th of May the crisis ended as the semester came to a close and the students departed the campus.

Prohibition

When the Nation went dry (1919) Tuscaloosa went dry. And until about 1951 Tuscaloosa stayed dry. A special set of circumstances attends a dry college community and Tuscaloosa was no exception. More than one Alabama student purchased a college education with proceeds from the sale of bootleg whiskey. Home delivery was not uncommon if you possessed the winning telephone number. In several neighborhoods of the town, drive-in sales flourished. The menu was limited but the service was excellent. One simply drove up to the side door of a small house and inquired of the unseen figure in the bushes as to available brands. The trade was always for cash and the bottle of choice was always delivered in a brown paper sack. Arrests were rare.

Beer was purchased by faculty and students at "Nicksville." Nicksville was located on Highway 11 or what was then called the Eutaw Highway, just over the Tuscaloosa County line barely within the northern limits of the then wet Greene County. The "town" boasted a single structure, a large wooden "restaurant" opened by Nicholas Delgatto in 1941. Nick was from New York. That origin coupled with the name Delgatto was enough to generate the widely held conviction that he was a former gangster who had fled New York having been measured for a pair of concrete boots. Speculation was also rife as to just what Nick stored within the spacious and mysterious second story of the building. Although Nick possessed a winning, even inviting, smile, to my knowledge no one ever sought his confidence on these matters. He made a mean sandwich, pushed the virtues of the pickled hardboiled eggs that huddled meekly in a glass jar on the bar, and refused stubbornly to recognize the threat to beer sales arising from the building's sagging foundation: The ten degree tilt of the floor encouraged a strong premature sense of drunkenness.

In those days, beer came in dark brown returnable glass bottles now called "longnecks." You can imagine the weight of a case of twenty four of these beauties housed in a wooden crate sturdy enough to defend itself against chronic abuse. A good man with skill at the Clean and Jerk could lift no more than three. Picture if you will my 1938 fourdoor Chevrolet sedan with back seat removed, stacked to the ceiling with full crates, tires rubbing the fenders, waddling down the highway from Nicksville to Tuscaloosa: always at night, always on a weekday, and always accompanied by a fear of the sheriff's roadblock. My state of apprehension was never adequately cushioned by Nick's beer. Actually, arrests were rare in the face of frequent rumors that the Sheriff's Office was always generously supplied with confiscated beer.

Since 11 was a twisting two-lane, wreck-inviting highway and students have not clearly established a reputation as moderate beer drinkers, Saturday night brought a special dread to the administrative officers most directly concerned with a student health.

The department suffered one beer bust and it was a memorable one. We had scheduled a departmental picnic somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Payne as I recall. Directions to the isolated wooded site were a bit complicated and so we departed from the rear of Comer Hall as a group of several automobiles following the leader. This was on a Sunday morning and, of course, as luck would have it, somewhere along the way in the countryside a suspicious native, persuaded that this Sunday parade of automobiles could be up to no good and might be ill bent, called the Sheriff's Office. The deputies arrived about the time we had unloaded our supplies and these included a tub of iced-down beer. The group consisted of faculty, students, wives, and a number of children. The nearest

adult to the beer cache was a student, conveniently single, and he took the fall. I remained detached, remote, ensconced behind a mask of innocence, persuaded that my character should be preserved as spotless for effective later impact on the judge. This took place the next morning. I sought and secured immediate audience with the judge. In his chambers he quickly 'lowed as how the law was not intended to apply to college folks. No wink, no smile. This was pronounced as a simple statement of fact--something every body knew. He dismissed all charges (but didn't offer to return our beer). During the brief course of this informal hearing, a black face peered around the open door. "Come in, boy," said the judge. A young black man of maybe eighteen years appeared shifting from foot to foot. "You know that we found two cans of beer in your car. You go find the court clerk now. He's got an installment plan that'll make it easy for you to pay the fine." Such was the justice of the times.

I cannot resist here one further comment on justice as then served. My friend and colleague, Al Peyman, and I both possessed twenty-two rifles and we greatly enjoyed hunting an occasional snake but mostly tin cans and bottles in the woods just off Highway 215 (to Peterson, Alabama). With an unbecoming show of pride and considerable arrogance, in the department one day he exhibited broadly a permit to carry a gun. Smarting with jealousy, I sped to the court house to regain some measure of masculinity. Standing at the counter, I introduced my self to the clerk as "Professor Siegel" ("Doctor" moves more mountains in other contexts) and requested the necessary form to apply for a gun permit. The door to an inner office was open and I could see in profile the sheriff. I knew he was the sheriff because he wore leather boots and a ten-gallon hat. And from that source there came in a booming voice, "Don't you buy no permit, Perfessor. It'll cost you two dollars. You just come on in here and I'll deputize yah. And you won't have to renew it every year." The ceremony consisted of my signing a fully legal wallet size card. No record was made. I regretted later not inquiring at the time as to other privileges that might attend possession of this glorious card. But at that moment I was oblivious to all other realities. I felt like the poker player who covered up his smirking opponent's full house with four aces. My status in the department took on enormous proportions. Later, I understand, the sheriff was cited by a grand jury as having deputized several hundred persons most of whom were carried on no official list. Regretted by me, he lost reelection.

Some of us drank corn whiskey in those dry days. This was terrible stuff, full of fusel oil and highly resistant to the charcoal treatment that was supposed to "take out the pizen." Little could be done to improve flavor or bouquet. A heavy shot of bitters raised its rating to "acceptable-only-in-a-pinch." One year I carried a gallon to the annual meeting of the Southeastern Psychological Association. I broke it out in a welcoming context, the wee hours of the morning at a hotel party when all the good stuff had run out. Even in this dire emergency, supported by the thirst of a bunch of whiskey-happy psychologists, it failed. I returned to Tuscaloosa with 95 percent of it. A brief taste was enough to close the bar. And the party. I retired meekly with a tarnished reputation that never fully recovered.

Our supply of corn whiskey was distilled in various remote wooded areas around Tuscaloosa; notably some distance out the Watermelon Road. It sold for twenty five dollars a five gallon jug and once you had gained the confidence of the bootlegger, home delivery became possible. An old automobile radiator often served as the principal instrument of manufacture and all of Tuscaloosa's barber shops posted notices from the State Health Department warning of the threat of lead poisoning. Against this grim possibility, I called the Dean of the Chemistry School (At that time, Chemistry was taught in a college separate from Arts and Sciences) and inquired as to tests for the presence of

lead in whiskey. Affably he described a simple test and volunteered to supply an easy source of the required hydrogen sulfide. "All you need to do," he stated, "is to bubble this gas through your whiskey. Of course, you'll ruin your whiskey." Apparently, in this unfamiliar context, the methodology of sampling escaped the dean totally. I set up a small hydrogen sulfide generator in my animal lab and tested routinely a sample of each batch.

It occasionally happened that we had to seek corn whiskey at the source. This, of course, presented a tricky and often dangerous undertaking. For the most part, a woods still and its environs are approached with extreme caution against the risk of being perceived as a "revenooer." Revenooers possess a propensity for attracting buckshot. I once found myself on such a quest. I had been given the address of a moonshiner who lived on a rundown farm located deep in the country out the Watermelon Road. His little farmhouse sat on a high hill overlooking the approach dirt road. At the height of summer a cloud of dust rising like a fuzzy giant snake pursuing the car announced one's arrival miles ahead. Seeing me coming and at the time in the firm grip of paranoia, he chose to hide behind his corn crib, a structure ill designed to keep out the weather or conceal a fugitive. Its sides presented a large number of substantial cracks which yielded easy view of the figure crouching there. I spoke his name and started around the little building. He matched me, stride for stride, moving in the opposite direction. The dance was on. When I reversed my footsteps, so did he. Nimble, he managed to maintain an exact one hundred and eighty degree separation at all times. And, of course, he never responded to my calls. After a few minutes of this futile exercise, I gave up, persuaded that my behavior did not quite measure up to the decorum demanded of a college professor. I salvaged some pride by announcing that I would return at three o'clock on the next day. When I did, I was received with greater hospitality this time. He 'lowed as how I had been preceded that day by a helicopter visit which he was certain was done for the purpose of sneakily spying on him and his operation. He had taken me to be a federal agent. I gained his confidence and purchased the whiskey. I also persuaded him to show me where he concealed the stuff. He took me to the woods behind the farmhouse and stopped to point at a scattering of leaves about six feet from us. I could see nothing that would announce the presence of a five gallon jug of corn whiskey. Expertly he parted the leaves to reveal a corn cob. It was, of course, wedged into the neck of a buried jug. Apparently, from never erring memory, he could quickly locate fifteen or twenty such members of his cache. He showed me but one, of course, and I could not persuade him to exhibit his still despite my accepted innocence. The time came, of course, when the bubbling gas yielded a black precipitate. So much for corn whiskey.

Prohibition encouraged the development of a third source of alcohol--home brew. The ingredients, malt, sugar, and yeast, were readily available in most grocery stores. There were enough illegal aspects to this activity to encourage those of us possessing a suspicious nature to never purchase all three ingredients at the same time. A five gallon glass bottle provided the ideal host and the action could be greatly accelerated by placing this container in a warm environment. Such was the popularity of this operation that at one time you could not find in the entire Biology Building, a single five gallon glass bottle. Forty years beyond the crime, it can now be revealed that this equipment was all on lend-lease; to be found with contents bubbling away merrily in faculty kitchens across the town. I shall long remember the error of my ways in serving this seemingly innocent beverage to a group of fourteen or fifteen graduate students who had assembled in my home for a pre-exam cram session. Discussion of the course content gave way to joke telling and a deeper concern with football fortunes in the Southeastern Conference. Across the board, performance on the exam that followed on the next day was the worst I

have ever seen. In expiation I added a constant to each score. I called it the HB factor. The final grade distribution looked entirely reasonable.

I recall with amusement (and some awe) introducing our black yard man to home brew. It was a hot summer afternoon and we had stretched out in the shade of a sweetgum tree to sample a bottle that reflected my best efforts. A couple of hours passed as did a couple of bottles. Conversation mellowed and grew personal. And then came the expansion of my sociological IQ. We were discussing his marriages. He had had three. Confronting a fourth, he protested bitterly the threatened necessity of obtaining "a white man's divorce." "How'm I gonna pay that lawyer?" He wept bitterly. "Seems like the old way was good enough." I had to know, of course, just what "the old way" was. And so I asked him about his three earlier divorces and just how they had been accomplished. "Well," he said. "I just moved out. That's the way we done it." I know several white men who would have applauded that custom.

The Spring often saw a gathering of the Tuscaloosa Wine and Vintners Association to sample and award prizes for the best.

In 1951 Tuscaloosa went wet by a very narrow margin. In 1953 we returned to dry status in another close vote. And about 1955, in still another squeaker, a third referendum yielded the present wet status. Most of us believed that the concern of stock holders with the future health of the new Stafford Hotel in a dry city played a substantial role in promoting the wet vote. We also believed that most dry voters drank freely but voted dry, convinced that drinking was a privilege of a selected few. After all, it wasn't every body that could hold their liquor and behave without mischief.

KKK

In the Sixties, the Ku Klux Klan took on a presence in Tuscaloosa. (Norm Ellis found KKK leaflets in his back yard apparently distributed from the air.) Cloaked in mystery and dark intent the Klan wriggled just below the surface. We were never quite certain of the reality of its strength or the degree of personal threat and much of its power derived from this uncertainty. When Morrisons Cafeteria opened their facility to the black man (one of the first eating establishments to do so in Tuscaloosa) it was picketed by the Klan. In an Alabama then resisting integration with bitter determination, wrapped protectively in the strong belief that the "negro" was somehow different, the crowd that assembled expressed far more sympathy than disapproval. For a while Morrisons didn't seat enough customers to pay the light bill.

The Grand Dragon, Robert Shelton, made his home in Tuscaloosa and his children attended the public schools. This last became a problem for Buck Dorman, one of our first doctoral students. Knowing nothing of Robert Shelton's identification the Dormans shared a car pool, transporting both their own and the Shelton child to school. This arrangement was wisely abandoned with the discovery of Shelton's identity. To be noted here: The Shelton children presented only innocence. Talk about the sins of the father. Where else and to what extent did these children experience social rejection for reasons mysterious to them? At a later time, Shelton would do time in a federal prison for contempt of court when he refused to produce his membership roster.

Taking example from the Lions Club, the Rotarians, and other social and civic minded groups, the Klan added their welcome sign and posted it on the highways approaching Tuscaloosa. This stirred the moral indignation of the more liberal University student element who, covered by darkness, proceeded to tear down the KKK sign posted on Highway 11 just north of the city. The Klan took action. They posted a sentry in the bushes equipped with CB radio and a plan to bring the Tuscaloosa police quickly to the scene. Like most southern towns in those times it was commonly believed that the police had been infiltrated by the Klan. Persuasive evidence of this never surfaced in Tuscaloosa.

Two Indiana psychologists chose this time to visit our colleague, Frank Shaw, then director of the department's clinical program. Frank was called out of town and asked friends at the VA Hospital to entertain his visitors. They agreed and that night a small party was held at the home of one of the VA psychologists. In the course of the evening, the presence of the KKK sign was mentioned. Incredulous and unmindful of the tarnished history of Indiana in this context, the visitors decided to see for themselves. On the scene, with beer speaking, it seemed immensely just that they urinate on the sign. Of course, they knew nothing of the KKK sentry. Almost instantly the police appeared. They were arrested and taken into custody where they proceeded to release a story alleging intimidation by the Tuscaloosa police. Certainly unnecessary and risky, to put the best face on it, their newspaper account also identified their Tuscaloosa hosts. The VA Hospital Manager (So the director was called in those days), a gentleman not given to making courageous stands, quaking at the prospect of some kind of political embarrassment, severely reprimanded the VA psychologists for their "involvement." Exactly what that meant was never fully explained. The Indiana psychologists, refused trial, paid a fine, and fled the town. So much for psychology and the Ku Klux Klan.

Oliver

I was hired by F. Nowell Jones during the spring of 1945. Then an Assistant Professor of Psychology at the University, he was acting for Donald Ramsdell, Head of the department but away on leave of absence. At the time, Nowell held a summer teaching assignment elsewhere. He never returned to the University of Alabama preferring to remain where he was. My employment was accomplished entirely through correspondence. And so it came about that I was hired by a stranger who remains a stranger. I have yet to meet Nowell Jones.

I was scheduled to replace Oliver Lacey threatened by the draft. That didn't materialize and so when I entered Tuscaloosa in the late summer of 1945 as an Instructor and the newest kid on the block, I was greeted by Oliver, his wife Betty, and the overpowering smell of the paper mill. Later, happily if prematurely, the paper mill died; unhappily and also prematurely, so did Oliver Lacey.

Oliver hailed most immediately from Vancouver, Canada. When he was but a small child his parents had come over from England. They brought with them the British tradition and this was strongly established in Oliver. He was aloof and slow to warm to others. He graduated from Cornell about 1943 and came as an Instructor to the university in 1944. Oliver was trained in physiological psychology. And attesting to his brilliance, his dissertation was picked up and a precis published in the medical column of Time magazine. He had established in the rat a relationship between a blood factor and susceptibility to audiogenic seizures. But he did not continue this interest; his excitement shifted to statistics.

Oliver was an enormously competent teacher. He possessed the rare talent for reducing the complex to its simplest case or as he put it, "reducing the problem to first principles." This talent served him well in the writing of a first text in statistics. Today, 40 years later, his "Statistical Methods in Experimentation" continues as a model of clear thinking on the basics of statistical logic. When he died in 1959 he had completed about fifty percent of an advanced text. It's my guess that it would have been adopted widely; the same clear thinking prevailed.

When opportunity and competence shake hands some amazing things can happen. Oliver probably holds the record for academic advancement in a state university when, in the course of four years (1944 to 1947), he rose on successive years from Instructor to Assistant Professor, to Associate Professor to Full Professor. Don Ramsdell (Head of the department) returned in 1946 or 47 but remained only about a year. With his resignation, Oliver then became permanent Head of the department, a title he held until 1957.

Oliver worshipped intelligence. He liked to believe that he pitched his lectures to the superior student. In truth the weakest students experienced little difficulty in following him through the trickiest turns in statistics or physiological psychology, such was the clarity and compelling logic of his presentations. And such was his enthusiasm that he once literally broke a bone in his hand while pounding the table to emphasize a point.

Our first two graduate students, Irving Alexander and Jeanne Ruth Levy were both Jewish, as was Harold Basowitz our outstanding senior undergraduate major. Both Jeanne Ruth and Irv took M.A.s at Alabama and went on elsewhere to the doctorate and distinguished careers in psychology. Likewise Harold. As I look back on it, I now believe that Oliver was at least sixty percent serious when he declared that religion should become the one and only criterion for acceptance into the graduate program at Alabama: Only those belonging to the Jewish faith should qualify.

In the late forties, Marten ten Hoor, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, hell bent to destroy the image of the University of Alabama as the country club of the South, called in Oliver and requested of the department a survey of the grade distribution issued by each and every professor in the college. We accomplished this. But we confined our analysis to courses taught in the first two years of the student's academic career before any kind of selection process had occurred. Our findings confirmed the dean's worst expectations: Over ninety percent of the grades issued in the college were either A's or B's. (Curiously enough, such a grade distribution currently prevails in several of our most prestigious institutions of higher learning.) We argued strongly for the normal curve as a reasonable ideal but only in application to large early courses which were more or less randomly selected by the students. In an early faculty meeting, the dean pronounced this the model to be followed and he promised scrutiny of all future grade distributions. His campaign to tighten grading standards met with instant success. Grade distributions slid to a lower level. If not totally destroyed, the country club image was at least damaged heavily.

In the late forties and the early fifties, we supported heavily the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology, a scientific society with an illustrious history and a long list of distinguished presidents that included John B. Watson. SSPP was, and is still, dedicated to preserving the marriage between philosophy and psychology. And it has carefully eschewed the professionalism that plays a prominent role in most psychological associations. Academic concerns have always dominated the program. During this period (about 1945 to 1955) we would load up two or three automobiles with our small faculty and ten or twelve graduate students (only the M.A. in those days) and off we'd go to attend the annual meeting of SSPP.

The presidency of SSPP was each year alternated between psychology and philosophy. The election always took place at the annual business meeting held on Saturday morning and attended by the full membership. The nominations slate was developed and presented by an elections committee. No nominations were permitted from the floor. One year Oliver decided to challenge this anachronism. He rose to his feet and moved that the membership adopt a policy of supplementation. In addition to the slate presented by the Elections Committee, nominations from the floor would be permitted. I provided the easy second. The lines were drawn; the battle was joined. To the "oldtimers," this constituted heresy. The discussion was lively and extended. Led by Harry Johnson (a delightful, witty, and brilliant psychologist-philosopher then a professor at Tulane University) the older membership argued vigorously against changing this longstanding and sacred tradition. In a very close vote, the motion carried: nominations would be permitted from the floor. It was later and much too late that Harry raised the question of illegal voting on the part of the Alabama contingent. And he was correct: The day was won by the raised hands of our graduate students none of whom held

membership in SSPP. Harry could never recall Oliver Lacey's name. He referred to him as Mr. Tracey and sometimes Mr. Macey.

Oliver delighted in simple little research projects. He once applied for and received from the University Research Committee support in the amount of fifty dollars for a project entitled "How fair are your grades?" He showed convincingly that the weights and averaging procedures used by instructors varied widely and could result in final grade differences as large as a full letter grade.

Still a young man, Oliver died in 1959 in a fire that totally destroyed his home. His wife, Betty, escaped. In her account, Oliver also escaped the burning structure but returned to free their pet dog. He failed to escape a second time.

Margaret

Margaret Quayle joined us in 1947. She was hired to fill the department's void in clinical psychology. Difficult to imagine in 1995, at that time clinical psychologists with extremely rare exception, did little other than test for intelligence. Clinical psychology, in 1947, was yet an infant. When World War II came to an end, the Veteran's Administration undertook an ambitious program to train psychologists to perform clinical duties other than routine intelligence testing. The VA hospitals were choked with the emotional casualties of World War II. (Hardly surprising--imagine contemplating either the giving or receiving end of a flame thrower.) Psychiatrists were few and far between. Clearly the medical profession was not likely to meet either the current emergency or future developments. The cognate discipline of psychology offered immediate solution; trainees would be subsidized. And so the snowball started down the hill.

Margaret was a large woman with matching heart. Single (I don't believe she ever married), in her late forties or early fifties, Margaret was not one to be pressed by reality. To put the best face on it, she was just a bit disorganized. Details were not her thing. She dealt exclusively in purpose, emotions, and feelings. And she left it to the gods to take care of the mundane affairs of everyday living. She fit well the mold of absentminded professor. She was trained at Columbia and, as a degree requirement, she was analyzed by Otto Rank. Many believe that Otto Rank laid the foundation for the non-directive therapy of Carl Rogers. Be that as it may, Margaret preached non-directive therapy with high enthusiasm (but, on more than one occasion, she was known to deliver positive direction with equally high enthusiasm). Margaret was deeply committed to the belief that the historical determination of present emotional grief played only a shaping role and should provide no excuse, no substitute for personal responsibility. In her view it was up to the individual to marshal the will to climb out of the valley. As for her position in theoretical psychology, there was no ambiguity. When asked by a student if she believed in hell, her answer came quickly. "There's got to be," she responded. "There must be a place for John B. Watson."

Her dissertation, done at Columbia, told us all about career choices of women. Despite this and frequent invitations to speak on the subject, Margaret declared that she didn't know a "damn thing" about women. It is certainly true that Margaret was an early feminist but scarcely one fitting today's stereotype. Her effectiveness in this role did not come from loudly expressed logic, argument, or pronouncement. Rather, for the most part, she simply provided strong example of a person who was at the same time a woman and a very effective professional. She was, however, not above an occasional dig at the opposite sex. When the first Kinsey report came out, she reported to her class in the Psychology of Adjustment that "We have some new reports on the sex lives of men." And continuing, "The statistics prove that 98 percent of men and boys had sometimes masturbated at least during their youth." Then, offering fresh intelligence, she added, "And the other two percent lied."

The State of Alabama was ready for Margaret. She established the University's Psychological Clinic and then became the State's disciple of mental health. She must have accepted almost every invitation to address small and large, formal and informal, groups. Open, refreshing, ingenuous to an extreme, she captivated and educated. More than anyone else at that time (or since), Margaret gave high visibility to clinical

psychology; to what it could do, and yes, to what it could not do. And it is doubtful that Margaret ever fully sensed her impact.

Margaret was a "character." Stories about her were legion (sorta defines a "character," right?). These stories invited no poetic exaggeration. In pristine description most of these tales often strained credulity. Abetted by Ray Fowler and Jerry Griffin and their memories of Margaret, I shall relate a few.

Margaret possessed almost no sensitivity to internal cues. This took on remarkable characteristics in the area of eating. Apparently she could tell little if any difference in the taste of various foods. Everything tasted about the same to her. And her eating habits were dictated by some kind of loose schedule. Literally, she ate to live-- whenever she could remember to do so. I recall one occasion in which Margaret put away three complete suppers, two early ones with successive friends, and a third when she returned home and decided that it was time for her to eat supper. In the sweltering heat of Tuscaloosa in the 1950's (we enjoyed almost no airconditioning in those days), Margaret's unawareness of her body proved quite adaptive. She had purchased the demonstration model of a Lustron house, a prefabricated all steel bungalow erected in Tuscaloosa. By early afternoon, temperatures within this structure reached well into the 100's. Although the sweat poured from her brow, Margaret never seemed to sense any real discomfort. In deference to others present she would sprinkle water on the rugs and turn on her fans. Tuscaloosa's high humidity discouraged evaporative cooling but the ritual provided her guests with some relief. In those days, Tuscaloosa's paper mill filled the air with the staggering smell of rotten eggs (natives reluctant to acknowledge this as a social handicap of any sort, said it smelled like money). No problem here for Margaret. Her nose, like her alimentary tract, never awakened.

The backdoor of Comer Hall was, for psychology, the front door. Upon entering one morning, I caught the tail end of Margaret's lecture delivered to forty undergraduate students in her classroom some fifty feet away. "Penis" she declared, "is a lovely word." We are talking pre-Lenny Bruce. For that day and time, a word like "penis" never graced the lips of a woman in public expression. It came easily to Margaret with no intention to shock.

Margaret, a "Southern Methodist," would, in class, occasionally quote the bible, or her version thereof. She once attributed to Christ the saying, "Every tub has to sit on its own bottom." This did not pass without challenge, of course. Not when there was present a pre-ministerial student. At the next class meeting, fortified by a recent visit to his concordance, this student declared vehemently that Christ had never said any such thing. Not the ordinary mortal that surely would be slowed by embarrassment, Margaret responded without pause, "Well, if he didn't, he should have. He just didn't think of it."

In those times, in certain rural areas of Alabama, a form of Voodoo was practiced. This was more likely to be known there as "Hoodoo." Attesting to Margaret's range of talent and of tolerance, she once undertook an assignment to break a Hoodoo spell. This she referred to as "unconjuring" ("conjuring" is found in Webster). The spell was about to do in the hapless victim. Lacking all appetite, she was slowly starving to death. Margaret accepted the assignment immediately and without skepticism. She prepared an elaborate set of instructions for the husband beginning with the gathering of blackberries by the light of a full moon. Having been strained several times through cloth, the

resulting magic liquor was urged upon the victim, one sip at the outset. Intake was increased each day and the victim's appetite soon returned. The spell was broken. The woman survived. (Word has it that she later murdered her husband with a butcher knife.)

Life's course gets set early and we continue that journey with little deviation. What we saw in mild form in Margaret when she joined us in 1947 grew steadily heavier. Her forgetfulness intensified to the point that we began to hear tongue clucking from the students. She repeated lectures. She repeated intake interviews well into the course of psychotherapy. She rarely remembered appointments. Her vision failed badly. Threatening to her life and limbs and to the public health, her driving became an extremely dangerous enterprise. She was as likely to drive the median as the rightaway. Sensing some of these problems, Margaret decided to retire. As the then head of the department, I accepted this with a mixture of relief and reluctance. Unhappily, she quickly changed her mind. She decided to continue. In a painful showdown with Margaret it became my responsibility to hold her to immediate retirement. And, of course, about 1957 she did.

Margaret Quayle wrote a remarkable chapter in early psychology. In Alabama, she was professionally active for only about ten years, but this brief career established some pretty fundamental stuff. Perhaps her strongest accolade: Six female offspring of graduate students that I know of were christened "Margaret" and there may have been others.

Luther

I always liked Luther Callahan. Some viewed him as an ogre. Luther was the Treasurer of the university in the fifties and early sixties. This position was a power packed one, matched only by that of the president and exceeded only by that of the football coach. He was a man devoted to the adage that a penny spent is a penny yearned. All requisitions, all purchase orders, had to withstand his final scrutiny and only a small number completed the journey. Luther held devoutly to the conviction that he should say "no" and wait for an appeal. He was right, of course. He served well as guardian of the limited resources of a struggling university.

I never knew Luther to exhibit favoritism. But he was vulnerable to the quip and to an appeal through humor. I learned this last early and put it to good end with the presentation of our purchase orders. Two such adventures still vibrate in my memory: the first, the response to an invasion of the animal building by wild rats; the second, an effort to replace an aging typewriter. In the first instance, the item was described on the purchase order as "a mobile pest exterminator;" the cost did not exceed ten dollars. Predictably this piqued Luther's curiosity. By phone I received his inquiry. I explained that I had in mind a BB gun which would serve the additional function of providing entertainment for a sniping faculty. The following day the problem got the attention of a professional exterminator. The typewriter presented a different challenge. This time the purchase order was accompanied by a supporting letter typed with the very machine in question. Since, at that time, it was a fully mechanical device, its ills could be easily exaggerated: a tendency to wander became a severe tilt, the slightly askew A, P, and K were turned an awkward twenty degrees with a pair of pliers, and strikeovers, presumably reflecting a capricious keyboard, were made legion. He responded positively, of course: The man knew dire need when he saw it.

Luther loved football and rarely missed a game. With a ready smile he would assert the necessity of his presence, as Treasurer, in order to count the gate. He was one of the first administrative officers to welcome Bear Bryant. Perhaps en route to a ball game, he died prematurely of a heart attack on an airplane. This last put him a bit closer to Heaven. I'm sure he made it. I missed him. They don't make 'em like that any more.

Mac

Elliott McGinnies joined us in 1947. He drove into Tuscaloosa in a big black Packard, not vintage Packard and certainly not new Packard. It suited Mac and only a Packard would fit the image of Mac held by Mac at that time. He was then ABD (all but dissertation). Within a year or two, he finished all requirements and received his doctoral degree from Harvard. This was the era of the "New Look" in perception when concern with motivational factors challenged Gestalt Psychology's determinants of what we perceive; the structural factors of similarity, closure, proximity, and good figure took a back seat to wishing, hoping, wanting, and needing. Mac's particular interest was in "perceptual vigilance" and "perceptual defense"; motivation may sharpen our awareness of the world about us or, conversely, it may block or at least weaken such awareness. His research at Alabama in the latter area attracted nationwide attention in psychological circles and earned him the enchanting sobriquet, "Dirty Word McGinnies." Using a tachistoscope he showed that college students experience greater difficulty (higher visual thresholds) in recognizing "dirty" words than words having greater social acceptance. "Kotex" is a ready example. In the postLenny Bruce world of today when "shit" and "fuck" trip lightly from the tongue, Mac's success in this area would surely be limited.

Mac suffered an unusual prediction for attracting constables. In truth a law abiding citizen, his slightest excursion from the strictest interpretation of the law brought on, instantly, a police whistle. And there were times when his innocence was total. He once drew the attention of a cruising black and white when engaged in the ordinary behavior of driving to her home his black maid. "What's with you and the black girl?" was certainly not invited by any illegal behavior on his part or any hint of it. His arrest, on vacation, for fishing without a license drew space in several newspapers. Even for a low-to-no news day, a college professor fishing without a license scarcely warrants newspaper converge.

Mac also enjoyed (or suffered) a penchant for inviting nicknames. Stemming from his somewhat raunchy piano playing, he was also known locally as "Shitfinger McGinnies."

Mac's wife was named Rosemary. Trained in physics, she rarely laughed and seldom chuckled. Her interpretation of the world was literal and fact oriented. She was not one to mince words or sacrifice truth to tact. Unable to secure a college position in physics, she decided to pursue a certificate that would qualify her for highschool teaching. This required course work in the College of Education. Now, at that time, the College of Education was scarcely a bastion of academic excellence; more like a retreat for young ladies confronting likely spinsterhood or for those for whom the times had begun to hint at a required role for the wife as a wage earner. The induction should be gentle and nonchallenging. Rosemary survived about 30 minutes of her first class meeting. And then it hit the fan. Bristling, she stalked out, headed directly for the office of the dean, and, granted an immediate audience, let off a blast that was heard campus wide; something about the level of instruction comparing unfavorably with kindergarten. The dean, we are told, gulped twice and suggested meekly that Rosemary might be better advised to pursue a different career; advice that should be viewed as redundant.

Mac departed Alabama in 1951. Seduced by the promise of parttime teaching in Europe, Mac accepted a position at the University of Maryland. He was greatly missed here.

Adventures in Academe

Finger Flexion

There are areas of experimental inquiry in psychology that the profession will surely look back upon with considerable embarrassment. The conditioning of finger extension in the human subject is one such misadventure. I once undertook such a study at the University, firmly in the grip of the then popular conviction that human behavior could, for the most part, be reduced to unconditioned and conditioned responses. In this conditioning procedure, the human subject rests the heel of his favored hand on a steel plate; the forefinger on a steel bar. The plate and the bar are in fact electrodes connected to a source of mild electrical stimulation. A buzzer is sounded and about two seconds later shock is delivered to the forefinger. The shock is a bit startling. It is not painful and is entirely free of danger but it does "encourage" the subject to lift the finger from the bar. The goal of this investigation is to teach the subject to lift the finger in response to the buzzer avoiding the shock altogether. Thus, learning takes place as the buzzer becomes a warning signal. It is known in the trade as avoidance learning. Now, just what instructions to the subject are appropriate? Obviously one cannot reveal the purpose of the study. Learning (conditioning) would require exactly zero trials. The instructions given by me were standard for this kind of study. The subject was told to place the heel on the plate and the finger on the bar and to then "Let the finger do whatever it wants to. Don't try to control it. Sorta detach yourself from the finger." Nothing further was stated and the experiment was then begun with the first presentation of the buzzer followed by shock two seconds later. First subject, first trial. The finger stayed on the bar. The subject winced a bit but seemed to me to be bearing down on the bar in response to the shock. I increased the level of shock a bit. Same behavior. In response to the shock, the subject bore down heavily. There followed a series of trials in which steadily increased the level of shock. The finger began to smoke (hyperbole here) but held steadfastly to the bar. At this point I acknowledged defeat and terminated the experiment with the inquiry, "How come you never lifted your finger from the hot bar?" The response was devastating. "Why," he said. "I thought this was a test of guts." And there, in clear focus, is exactly what was wrong with so much of early psychological inquiry. Human subjects talk to themselves; they think and they make assumptions. And their behavior is controlled by these internal events. The manipulations of the environment made by the psychologist may exert only the puniest effects. It took psychology about fifty years to get this out in the open. It led to the experimental strategy known as the "manipulation check," designed to gain some understanding of the human subject's prevailing assumptions. Benefiting from the process described as one-trial learning, I abandoned the conditioning of human subjects and retreated to the animal lab. I doubt that rats talk to themselves or make assumptions about the purposes of a psychological experiment.

Abe

Abe Maslow visited the department in the early Sixties. Traveling in his car on a leisurely jaunt through the South, he gave me a phone call when he reached Tuscaloosa. His call in the late afternoon took me by total surprise. I knew him only by reputation and through his celebrated work on human motivation. Not by the widest stretch of the imagination could I have anticipated a phone call from Abe Maslow. He reached me at home and I answered the phone. His greeting was a direct one. "This is Abe Maslow," he said. "I'm in Tuscaloosa and I would like to meet you. Is this Paul Siegel?" Accommodating immediately to what I perceived as a joke, I responded nimbly with, "No. No. This is Sigmund Freud." There was a moment's confusion at the other end and then Abe recognized my premise. "This really is Abe Maslow," he said. "I'm touring the South by automobile. Could we get together for a brief visit?" My embarrassment was total but I managed to arrange a dinner engagement. And it was a delight. Politely and with mutual respect we agreed on nothing. No matter the issue, we occupied diametric positions. I can recall few dinner engagements that I enjoyed as much. At the time Abe was on a nudity kick. Eloquently, he developed the argument that clothes are an impediment to communication. His conclusion: "We can be totally honest with each other only when totally naked." I stifled a gulp, presented a sophisticated nod, and 'lowed as how I wanted to think about that a bit. Abe was later elected president of the American Psychological Association. He got my vote.

Muckinfess

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth century there lived in England a clergyman by the name of William Spooner. His was an unfortunate tendency to frequently transpose sounds when speaking. To illustrate, "Let me show you to your seat" became "Let me sew you to your sheet." History does not tell us what was going on in William Spooner's unconscious. But this unfortunate interchange became known as a "spoonerism." Clearly spoonerisms possess the enormous potential for embarrassment that extends well beyond the simple fact of having stumbled in the use of the language. A celebrated example: several years ago a well known newscaster managed innocently to come up with, "Congress packed an ass." I am told that the threat of producing such a malapropism lurks just over the shoulder of most newscasters.

I once had a student with a last name that possessed the full potential for a spooneristic disaster. I shall give her the first name, Julia. On the initial class day of each semester it was my custom to build a roll by passing out three by five cards. In addition to the name (last name first, of course), I would request a bit of additional information like other psych courses taken, major, etc. Having gathered up the cards, I would read aloud each last name and eyeball the responding student. This served admirably to introduce us and to establish early rapport. I came to Julia's name. Guess what. It was "Muckinfess." Without breaking stride I pronounced quite properly Julia's name--Muckinfess. But then, alas. Something twitched in my unconscious. I broke the rhythm of my smoothly flowing roll call. I paused and offered the comment, "Hm, that sounds familiar. Where have I heard that before?" And then William Spooner tapped me on the shoulder. Much too late, I realized just why Muckinfess had such a familiar ring. Unhappily this realization also came to most of the class, quite certainly Julia. Her face reflected resignation and a bit of disgust. Clearly stamped there was the message, "Here we go again." Later, uncomfortable in the company of Mr. Spooner and determined to escape his fate, I inked in my roll book an asterisk opposite the name of Julia Muckinfess. This provided a warning to quickly take a deep breath, silently rehearse "Muckinfess," and plunge ahead with aplomb. It worked.

Rape

At home one night, I received a phone call from a young lady who was, at the time, attending my course in Abnormal Psychology. The final exam was coming up in two days and her class standing was precarious. As I now recall, she was hovering between a "D" and an "F." She was quite distraught, tearfully stating that a graduate assistant in psychology had called and proposed to sell her a copy of my final exam. "And," she blurted out. "He didn't want money." Tastefully, I refused to pursue the question of just what the transaction would require of her but I did request the name of the graduate assistant. He had remained anonymous, of course. I then quickly set her on course. "I have not yet made out the exam," I told her. "I usually wait until the night before. It's safer that way." I could not read her response but I think it was relief. Later I couldn't resist an unkind image. Entering the class room on the day of the exam, confident in her memorized answers to a counterfeit exam bought dearly, she confronted the true exam. "My God," she exclaimed. "I've been raped."

* * *

Dachshund

It seemed to me and to my wife, Helen, that Siamese cats were something of a rarity in Tuscaloosa in the early fifties. Both of us were cat lovers and so we decided to start a business. We would raise and sell Siamese kittens (love and profit; a handsome marriage). I erected a small structure in the backyard which, with great satisfaction and just a bit of amusement, we referred to as the "Siegel cat house." From Huntsville, Alabama we purchased a pregnant registered female and in due course she produced four kittens. Two died almost immediately of a mysterious disease that went undiagnosed by the local vets; two survived. We sold one and agreed to swap the other for a dachshund puppy owned by a friend, a psychiatrist at Bryce Hospital. On the evening of delivery, unable to tolerate the puppy's separation howls, I took him into bed. The next morning I began to itch about the waist. Seeking relief, I first called the family physician and then the vet. Both "lowed" as how the puppy was an unlikely culprit; that dogs do not communicate itches to humans. The physician prescribed a liquid only slightly less caustic than nitric acid and I applied it dutifully. My complaint persisted but exhibited some improvement.

Itching quietly while seated in my office one day with my back to the door, I sensed that someone had entered silently. I turned around to confront a male student who shifted nervously from one foot to the other and finally in response to my "Yes?" blurted out, "Dr. Siegel I hear that you have the itch." My shock was total. I knew that faculty possessed few secrets from the students but this seemed well beyond that pale. An "itch" in those days carried something akin to shame and was certainly not a personal condition to be freely aired. I muttered something like, "So what." He quickly continued, "And I heard that you have one of Dr. Allison's dachshund puppies. I've got one too and I've also got the itch. Please tell me what you are doing for yours." I broke up.

I was now almost ready to challenge both the family physician and my veterinarian. Not quite. But my conviction soon became total. My friend, Al Peyman had befriended the puppy. With a show of affection he had cuddled the tiny animal in his lap. The following day he too developed the itch. Now my conviction was total. Confronted with the evidence, both the doctor and the doctor retreated. Perhaps, they acknowledged, dogs could so infect humans. Maybe man's best friend could become his worst enemy.

There's a related chapter, an extension of this fiasco. I had shared my caustic treatment with Al Peyman. Coming freshly from a hot shower, attempting to apply the solution to his abdomen, he had spilled a substantial volume on delicate parts located below. I heard his scream and I lived a mile away. Passersby reported unusual terpsichorean activity on the part of a naked male in that neighborhood.

Barmaid

Ray Fowler and I, together with several other psychologists, gathered one afternoon in a little bar in Louisville, Kentucky. At the time we were attending a professional meeting. We were all quite impressed with the barmaid who exhibited great poise, an easy and open manner, and an enormous capacity to manage folks smoothly. Toward the end of the afternoon when the bar had cleared, we asked her to join us. This she did, displaying both grace and charm. The conversation flowed easily and, of course, a bit drunkenly. She held up her end of the small talk with ready wit and an easy style. Whereas she was warm and friendly, it was entirely obvious that hers was not an easy virtue; the sign said "untouchable." Her quick wit, extensive vocabulary, and the ease with which she followed every conversational nuance led us to believe her intelligence to be substantial. Inspiration followed. Pygmalion beckoned. Despite her lack of an undergraduate degree, with several beers talking, Ray and I decided to recruit her for our doctoral program. With a bit of tutoring (not much) we felt that she could easily burn up our graduate program. What a clinician she would become. We would fake the required undergraduate transcript, provide the needed test scores, and draft three letters of recommendation. At the time, sources of support were readily available. We issued the invitation. She paused but an instant and then accepted with a broad smile. We could sense enthusiasm, even dedication. We began to explore details. Unhappily we quickly discovered the nail in the foot: She was married and possessed a three-year old child. And for sure her husband would never agree to follow her. In effect, she would trade off her marriage for a career in psychology. Alienation of affections loomed large. Quickly, if lamely, we backed off. Neither of us could swallow that prospect even in phantasy.

In later moments I have pictured this young woman as an Alabama Ph.D. now the Dean of Women at Wellesly. Perhaps at this point we would release to the American Psychologist a short note describing honestly and fully her academic history. And perhaps we would title this confession "Is the undergraduate degree essential to a successful chase for the Ph.D.?"

Student Recollections

A lot of exciting department history is to be found only in the memories of students. This is especially true of our successful doctoral students who spent three or more years in residence. With the hope of tapping this splendid reserve, I directed a letter to the last known address of every Ph.D. graduating during the first fifteen years of the doctoral program (about 1961 through 1976). I invited each to "Tell us a bit about something that really sticks in your head bone; something involving a student colleague, a faculty member, a class, Tuscaloosa, whatever." And I promised to include their "Recollections" in my department history. A few letters were returned as "Address unknown" but I did receive 24 replies. They follow in alphabetical order and in original form. With the exception of three, they all xeroxed legibly. It was necessary to retype these faint copies.

ALEXIS ARTWOHL, Ph.D.

Clinical Psychologist

319 S.W. Washington Street, Suite 1015

Portland, Oregon 97204

Telephone: (503) 223-6125



January 27, 1991

Dear Paul:

Hope your history of the department is progressing smoothly and I am enclosing two personal recollections for possible inclusion. There were so many it was hard to decide what to write about. I would indeed like to receive a copy of the finished product. ~Thanks!

Sincerely,

Alexis Artwohl

ROAD TRIP!
by
Alexis Artwohl

My internship and residency gave me an appreciation of the excellent training I received at the University of Alabama. One of the positive aspects of the program was the ample opportunity it provided to clinical students to obtain "real world" experience to those who wanted it. Among the most unforgettable of those experiences were the "Road Trips with Howard Miller" to the Vocational Rehabilitation Center in Florence during the mid 1970's.

Those of us hired by Howard to help him test and evaluate Voc. Rehab. clients would pile into Howard's Cadillac at the crack of dawn on Friday mornings for the two hour cruise northward, accompanied by classical music blasting from the tape deck, Howard's big gold bracelet flashing in the sun, and the inevitably interesting conversation one could't help but have with Howard. Upon arriving at the Voc.Rehab. Center, we would test and interview clients all day and review their files. Then, at the end of the day, came the shock: no one could go home until all the reports were written right then and there. For inexperienced students accustomed to testing one client per week then obsessing for hours over that one report due the following week, this was a dramatic introduction to the demands of the real world.

To provide fuel and incentive for this ordeal, Howard would order large quantities of pizza for all. The pizza ordering was accompanied by intense haggling as Howard tormented us by insisting on double anchovies but he would eventually take pity on us and order portions without. Those of us who went to pick up the pizza were treated to forays into Northern Alabama subculture with my personal favorite being the poster in the pizza parlor announcing a "Karate for Christ" exhibition.

Fueled by pizza and soda pop, students learned new meanings of pushing beyond personal limits as they tried to crank out coherent reports at the end of a long and increasingly strange day. The less experienced students could feel subtle peer pressure mount as the hours went by and they were still laboriously writing well into the night. Those who finished early wandered around the large, spookily deserted Voc. Rehab. Center, finding beds to nap on, sliding down waxed floors in stocking feet, and wondering if anyone would notice if they tried out the hydrotherapy tubs. Hour after hour, Howard patiently supervised the struggling students and dispensed valuable information wearing his usual expression of wry bemusement.

Eventually the last report would be finished and, with the ordeal mercifully over, exhausted students would collapse back into the big Cadillac as Howard whisked us home in the middle of the night. On at least one occasion Saturday was already dawning by the time we departed from Florence. I will always be grateful to Howard for those trials by fire. Besides teaching me alot of clinical information in a short period of time, the "sink or swim" skills they forced us to learn served me well during internship and residency.

TERROR TACTICS

by

Alexis Artwohl

Paul Siegel's core curriculum class on the Psychology of Learning was one of the major anxieties of the first year clinical students. Paul was respected as a no nonsense academic taskmaster. I will always remember the first class. Paul, looking like Moses getting ready to hand down the Ten Commandments, stalked into class with fluid dignity and, after perusing us with a stern look, announced he would allow no questions from us because at that point we were too ignorant to ask an appropriately intelligent question. This was probably true and as a terror tactic it had a predictable effect: the clinical students rolled their eyes at each other like spooked horses and I'm sure each of us mentally penciled in at least 20 hours a week devoted to Paul's class. The experimental students tried to look more smug and relaxed, like they had an advantage over us clinical candidates but I'm pretty sure I detected the faint sheen of nervous perspiration on their upper lips.

I had an eye examination late in the afternoon the day before Paul's first exam. No one had informed me that the eye drops used to dilate my pupils would render me incapable of reading for hours afterward. That evening I sat in my student tenement apartment in despair as I struggled futilely to read my notes and textbook. All I could do was wonder if all the studying I had done would make up for my inability to cram that night. I guess it did because I wound up getting the highest grade in the class on that first exam. I could tell this annoyed some of the experimental students. A little terror goes a long way.

February 16, 1992

Schenectady County Community College
Dep. of Humanities/Social Sciences
Washington Avenue
Schenectady, NY 12305

Part of the folklore that was passed on by the graduate students who immediately preceded me was the following account of a classroom incident with Dr. Oliver Lacy.

Dr. Lacy who had a fierce passion for statistics and an equally strong impatience for those who did not have an instantaneous grasp of rows of equations quickly erased to make room for the next onslaught of blackboard demonstrations once became so mad at Jean Franklin who irreverently stated she did not understand that he slammed his fist down so hard on the table that the "room shook." Possessing a "true-grit" character of the first order, he repressed his irritation and continued with the lecture. Later that day, he returned to his office with a cast on his hand. He had broken his hand in his attack on the table and had continued to teach without any expression of pain.

All of the above leads me to speculate that if the incident were repeated in today's classroom that the instructor would ask for disability for the remainder of the term and that the University would also send an emotional SWAT Team to the class to provide emergency elevation of the student's self-esteem along with instructions for long term chronic care of the after-effects of instructor abuse.

Patricia Pate Barker

Patricia Pate Barker, Cohort Group: 1954--1960 Ph.D., 1973

June 19, 1992

Dear Paul:

I am enclosing some "Recollections" from my experiences in the Psychology program at the University of Alabama. I transferred to the University in 1954 in my junior year as a Psychology major, and remember the Oliver Lacey's Statistics courses and Paul Siegel's Learning courses as exceptionally well organized and exciting.

My love for Psychology was reinforced and I received my B.A in 1956 and M.A. in 1957. After working a year in Birmingham at the Medical School Dept of Psychiatry, I was accepted as one of the first doctoral Psychology students in 1958 in Tuscaloosa. My coursework was completed by 1960, while I completed a clinical internship at the Tuscaloosa VA Hospital 1961. I married William C. Battle in 1961, moving to Baltimore while he entered a psychiatric residency at Johns Hopkins, and received my doctorate in Clinical Psychology in 1962.

Oliver Lacey and Paul Siegel were outstanding teachers and powerful role models in the experimental and statistical areas. I grieved the death of Oliver Lacey in a tragic housefire. Frank Shaw and Margaret Quayle were inspirational figures for me as clinicians. Charlie Rickards and Mike Dinoff also impressed me as behaviorally oriented clinicians. Charlie's invaluable help as my dissertation advisor was much appreciated.

With 30 years hindsight I have a much deeper understanding of the factors that influenced my strong attachment to the Psychology Department, and made this environment one in which I was challenged to learn and grow tremendously. First, I am amazed now that I sailed through that program with a total absence of discrimination against me as a young Southern woman. The men in that department in 1954-1960 gave me every opportunity to learn and participate. I remember only one frustrated outburst about the problem of "wasting" an education on a woman who would probably "only" get married and have children. A second powerful factor in the Alabama Psychology Department was the strong support for my commitment to civil rights. As a native Alabamian I felt deep and intense outrage at the racial discrimination rampant in the South at that time. My Psychology professors took courageous stands against the prevailing racism, reinforcing my liberal convictions, and giving me the support for my beliefs I needed at that time.

Being female and Southern was an initial handicap in Maryland, but 30 years after getting my Ph.D. from the University of Alabama I am deeply honored by my recent election as President-elect of the Maryland Psychological Association.

Sincerely,

William C. Battle

The University of Kansas Medical Center

Ralph L. Smith Research Center

John M. Belmont, Ph.D.
Cognitive Development Laboratory

Wednesday, March 4, 1992 - 4:28pm

Paul S. Siegel, Ph.D.
Department of Psychology
University of Alabama
Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487-0348

Dear Paul,

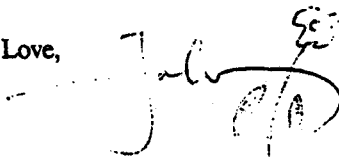
I was trying to organize a huge pile of letters, incoming and outgoing, when I came across yours of December 15, 1991. This happened back in early February, but my sense of guilt is not much better developed than my sense of nostalgia or loyalty to alma mater. So I didn't bother with trying to come up with some good clean reminiscences from Comer Hall days. Today I was once again cleaning up a huge pile of letters (the same pile, actually), and again your letter surfaced. This time I chanced to notice who'd signed it, and seeing it was you, sailing through life down there athwart the gunnels of your emeritus professorship, I decided to answer not my alma mater, but my friend: The man who had me pegged from the very beginning but never let on.

But Paul, the fact is I do not savor old-school-days nostalgia trips the way some folks do. I do not, for example, swell with pride at the memory of that hot day in June when we all sat patiently in 'Bama's disused football stadium (the Bear was much too highly paid and the Tide too good to play in Tuscaloosa!) awaiting the arrival of Her Excellency Governor Wallace, who had evidently decided that with her personalized Statehouse touch, she stood at least an even chance of making an Alabama Ph.D. actually stick upon the soul of some of us n'er-do-wells, especially those Yankees among us who'd come down to practice our seditions from within the ivied halls, even as the legitimate civil-rights activists rode the buses and got themselves shot up by the peace officers and savaged by their dogs. And, therefore, I doubt you'd want to hear my memories, much less record them in a book intended to sweeten life a little. You don't want to hear me tell about thrashing to death a huge brown rat in the middle of the night down in the graduate student carrels room because the poor beast would not let me study in peace (and frankly scared the shit out of me). Though, come to think of it, you might want me to remind you about one of the wittiest remarks I've ever heard, anywhere. I'm sure I've told you this story before, but here it is anyway, and it's on you:

I came down to Tuscaloosa with Norm Ellis in '64, more or less at the end of my second year of graduate work. It was an awkward time to move somewhere new, and one of the first things that happened was, you talked me into taking comps within months of my arrival. Jean said it was OK for me to take them, so I did; and by-and-by, as director of the graduate program, you duly reported the readers' impressions: I'd blown psychometrics and would have to make it up with coursework; I'd done passably well in experimental and such; but as for statistics (and here I quote you directly), "John, you wrote the worst statistics exam I've ever seen, and you fell at the median of the group". In '68 I was teaching introductory statistics to Yale undergraduates, and I used your comment to illustrate problems of interpretation in the face of massive floor effects. If I'd been teaching measurement theory, I'd have used them to reveal the perils of grading on the curve when there isn't any curve to grade on.

There. I guess that wasn't so hard.

Love,



Kansas City, Kansas 66160-7337 U.S.A. • (913) 588-5982 • Belmont@Ukanvm.bit

J. L. Bernard, J.D., Ph.D., ABPP
 612E Ridgewyck Drive, #1
 Memphis, Tn., 38115
 Empl.# 267-40-2397
 Medicare# 3680014

Clinical Psychology

901-362-0295

December 27, 1991

Paul Siegel, Ph.D.
 Department of Psychology
 University of Alabama
 University, Alabama

Dear Paul,

What a delightful idea!

I thought long and hard trying to come up with some special moment I still recall after almost 30 years. This is the best I can do.

I recall being at a party at Paul Siegel's house one evening in, perhaps, 1960. At that time he owned a male dachshund who's name escapes me. What does not escape me is that this animal was astonishingly well-endowed for one so small in stature.

At any rate, toward the end of the evening, said animal climbed up into my then wife's lap, and after a moment rolled over on his back. What could have been an embarrassing moment for one and all was averted by the host who, without skipping a beat, pulled a linen handkerchief from his pocket and placed it on the dog with utmost discretion and aplomb. A class act, that Siegel!

Well Paul, I hope this is the sort of thing you are looking for. Before closing, I'll take a moment to bring you up to date on the Bernards. Much to my dismay, Mac and I were divorced September 18 after some 34 years of marriage (we had been separated five years). Scott, our oldest is now a licensed clinical psychologist with a consulting firm in Atlanta (and a VP in the firm). He proposed to his long time girl friend at Midnight Xmas Eve. Brett, the middle son, married a lovely girl from an old Dallas family in August, and has just been promoted to an executive position with Merrill Lynch - we're all waiting to find out where they will move him in about a month. Rusty, the youngest, is doing a family practice residency in Kansas City, and is married since June to a fourth year med student who will start her's in the same hospital next June.

It was a treat for Mac and I both to see you at Scott's graduation. Who knows, maybe our paths will cross again. I certainly hope so.

Regards,

Jarvis

January 6, 1992.

Dr. Paul S. Siegel
University Professor Emeritus
Univ. of Alabama, Dept. of Psychology
348 Gordon Palmer, Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, Ala. 35487-0348

Dear Dr. Siegel:

Thanks for your letter. Since your retirement party, I have been intending to write you for some time anyway in regard to thanking you for your help in my graduate education. So, I am pleased to have this second opportunity.

In thinking back over my graduate school education (1967-71), several positive experiences stand out. The first of these was Dr. Paul Siegel's class in Learning Theory. This class was the "widow maker", so to speak, that all of us graduate students feared. It was also the most challenging and interesting class in my graduate training - the one which truly made Psychology a science for me, not just an art. And while the art of clinical practice is still relevant, I will always appreciate having had the rigorous examination of learning theory - where exciting glimpses of knowledge could be found in mazes and theoretical constructs built to explain what rats did in those mazes. I remember all of us sharing the "___" notes, and I forget whose they were (first sacrilege). I am sure my fellow students remember who constructed them. These notes were so well written, that they were almost verbatim Paul Siegel. Since I lived at home in Tuscaloosa, I was not often studying in the student "maze" of tiny offices. But Don Gordon made sure that I saw the "notes". Thanks Don. They helped.

The second positive experience was volunteering my first summer before graduate school at Bryce Hospital under Dr. Peyton, the director at Bryce, and profession of psychometrics at the University. I was included (and treated as a professional) in many of the patient classes (in Rational Emotive Therapy) and in group psychotherapy. It was a sobering experience to enter the world of the state hospital, and I loved it.

Finally, I must remember Camp Ponderosa. I think the best summer of my life was spent there, working with two young emotionally disturbed girls, and doing my masters Thesis on Reinforcement of Cooperative and Independent Play. (Thanks again to you, Paul.) We were almost electrocuted one afternoon, doing the electrical game in a lighting storm, but other than that, we got it done. Thanks to Charlie Richard and Mike Dinoff for creating such a great place.

I have some negative memories too, but I'll leave those for the next volume.

Thanks, Paul, for your dedication and devotion to excellence in our education.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Pamela Butler". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name.

Pamela Butler

**UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
AT AMHERST**

School of Education

217 Furcolo Hall
Amherst, MA 01003Phone: 413 545 0007
Fax: 413 545 4491Paul S. Siegel
Department of Psychology
Box 870348
348 Gordon Palmer
The University of Alabama
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
35487-0348

Dear Paul:

My memories of four years in the psychology program from July 1963 to June 1967 are wonderful and varied. I arrived during the summer months of 1963 to prepare for the first session of Camp Ponderosa, Charlie Rickers and Mike Dinoff's new "therapeutic summer community." That also happened to be the summer that Jimmy Hood and Vivian Malone sought entry into the University. State troopers were sitting in chairs every 50 yards ringing the entire campus, in fear that we would have another riot similar to Arthurine Lucy's attempt to enter. I saw George Wallace make his perfunctory stance in the school house door, and from that moment on the university seem to settle in to a new era of letting everyone be themselves, black or white. The students simply wanted a good education. Of course we also got good football because those were the years of Bear Bryant and Joe Namath's 60 yard bombs. I remember one game in Birmingham when a Namath bomb saved the win for Alabama against Auburn in the last 30 seconds of the game, but caused a coronary in the end zone by an elderly fan. I saw them carry the guy out on a stretcher.

The psychology department was newly accredited, and still recovering from the loss of four full time faculty, none of whom I knew, but their ghosts haunted the surviving faculty in almost palpable ways. We felt, as students, that we were there to lift the curse and prove to the druids, we were not a fated lot. I remember the cavernous halls of Comer, with its masonry smoke stake and furnace room door on slanted roller tracks that lead to the labs, something out of an old Frankenstein movie. But the door never

closed and the scholarship never stopped, so what was menacing was, with time, transformed to decorative and then finally removed when Norm Ellis and Al Baumeister remodeled the Comer core into study carrels.

I also remember a lone gear operated calculator that we finally had available in a tiny closet of a room in Comer, next to the stat lab not far from Earl Brown's office. Students would crank away on that old machine taking hours just to get a standard deviation from a handful of numbers. And, yes to you younger readers out there, we did walk five miles to class on gravel roads without shoes on our feet.

Yet none of these memories seem like pain, because pain is relative to the technology of the day. We all felt blessed with a dedicated group of faculty and dedicated graduate students, all in residence, all studying together for what was still a rather young academic discipline. For example, the first issue of Developmental Psychology was issued during those years. I am sure that each new cohort of students who come to the psych dept at Tuscaloosa will leave with the same base for the future that I had. Each day that I teach I still think of my instruction there and use it as my guide.

George Forman

Class of 1967

Ph.D. in Developmental Psychology under the
guidance of Paul S. Siegel

RETYPE

Dear Paul,

I like the idea of your ambitious undertaking. Good luck with it. Here is my contributions to "Recollections."

I remember Morgan Hall—the orphan child of the University, stuck in the back by the railroad tracks, presumably so as not to be an embarrassment to the administration. It was old, unappealing, & not promising for psychology's future.

I remember interesting things about some of my professors: Paul Siegel, forever tapping his cigarette on the table to get it packed just right; Ray Fowler, giving the impression executive positions didn't appeal to him (ha!); John Koehler frequently dropping his chalk while talking; George Passey looking stunned when Jerry Pollard asked to borrow his notes so she could type a copy; Mike Dinoff, hyperactive before the term became popular, always asking, "Do you buy that?"; Steve Kendall in the rat lab suddenly reaching out with a big foot & crushing a mouse, & continuing his conversation without missing a beat; All Peyman acting out the role of hospital patients in psychopathology class & talking about how "jingly" they were; Earl Brown leaning back on his chair so far he fell over & broke the chair, & got up very red-faced; Jim Pate proving for the 30th time that F = t?

I remember some interesting things about other students; Dave Sparks looking like all of graduate school was a Sunday stroll; Bill Balance struggling to suppress a smile that said "I'm smarter than everyone else" (& he was right); Bill Osterhoff driving me down University Ave at 60 mph & still accelerating while traffic had stopped 20 feet ahead; John Hannah with his evil welder's glasses, yet more perceptive than most; Jean Hungate radiating inner beauty & no one seemed to notice she wasn't pretty; Joel Warm ready to lecture at any moment, looking more every day like his idol von Belsesy; Bill Osterhoff still accelerating; John Belmont forever saying "He is really sharp"; John Worsham, happy to be alive & ready for another game of touch football; Jim Kauffman & I playing matchbook baseball; Bill Osterhoff still accelerating; Paul Hirschfield puffing on his pipe & already contemplating his memoirs; Betty Ernest on her third pack of the morning; Ron Erdos telling us his latest get rich quick scheme while borrowing 50 cents for a coke; John Randolph trying to suppress a smile that said "I'm smarter than anybody else" (but he wasn't); Dave Loiry finally getting to the point; Bill Osterhoff still accelerating.

Best regards
Jerold Gilbert

"Recollections"
of
Albert Victor Griffith, Ph.D., '61.

I was one of the first two that received the Ph.D. from the Department. What I remember most was how difficult the classes were, and how most of the students that showed up did not last the first year. I wasn't sure I was going to make it myself until I knocked down a perfect score on the Statistics I final.

I remember how my 2nd year I was a "Student Assistant" in charge of the "Bat Lab", among other things. The "Bat Lab" was disorganized and dirty, so I worked hard to organize it & clean it up. I was surprised & pleased when Paul Siegel told me I had done a good job.

(cont on p. 2)

p 2.

I remember Franklin Shaw, who was my Adviser, died suddenly of a heart attack when I was in the middle of my Dissertation. I am greatly indebted to John Atthome for taking over as my Adviser after Shaw's death.

I was there when Gov. George Wallace "stood in the door" of the Admissions Building to block a black student that the Federal Court had ordered the University to allow to enter. Then, Federal Marshalls removed Wallace.

It was really a socially significant time for the University.

I have worked in Boston as well as in California, and have always been proud of the Education I received from the Department.

April 19, 1988

Dr. Paul S. Siegel
The University of Alabama
Department of Psychology
P. O. Box 2968
Tuscaloosa, AL 35487-2968

Dear Paul:

I received the news of the upcoming PAUL SIEGEL DAY with joy and anticipation. Now I find that I cannot attend and must send my congratulations and thoughts by letter.

Certainly no one deserves a DAY more than you after your 42 years of service to the University and the profession of psychology. You had more impact and influence on my career than any person, professor or otherwise, and this influence is still being felt as some of the important things I learned from you are passed on to my own students. High on this list of "things" would be a deep appreciation of the empirical nature of psychological inquiry and the involvement of students in one's own research. It goes without saying that your nurturance and guidance enabled me to endure the 18 hours per week of travel (two trips a week to Sylacauga and three trips a week to Tuscaloosa, all from Birmingham) that teaching and going to school entailed.

I have known you longer than have most of the celebrants who will attend your DAY. Perhaps you can recall our first meeting. It occurred one Saturday morning in the late fall of 1956. Corky Reed, myself, and Patricia drove in from Mobile (two cars) with no appointment (this was Corky's mode of operation) so that Corky could introduce us. I was about to transfer from the Mobile Center where he was teaching. I might add that my decision to major in psychology was made despite taking his course in Abnormal Psychology. Do you recall that you were embarrassed to meet us because you had not shaved that morning?

The following February (1957), I enrolled in classes. The first semester, I had Dr. Sterling for both statistics and physiological. Other names from the past with whom I took undergraduate classes included Dr. Pennington (comparative and experimental), Dr. Passay (schools of psychology and a readings course), and you for Learning (I believe that I was the only undergraduate in the class). Soon I was working in the rat lab (I can still hear the muffled sounds of the football "crowd" on Saturdays as I would step outside the lab for a breath of fresh air.

During my senior year, 1957-58, the proposed new doctoral program had not received final approval. I was, of course, totally in your hands. If the program got approved, I would stay; if it did not, you had recommended the program at Vanderbilt. It was more like, "I am sending you to Vanderbilt." I mention some of these things to indicate how much influence you had on certain undergraduates at that time. You no doubt recall that Larry Bernard was also an undergraduate and was being used as a teaching assistant.

As we know, the program was approved, and three old-timers who had received their masters degrees in the not too distant past were invited to join the program: Buck Dorman, Al Griffith, and Carolyn Calhoun (Battle). First year students included Jim Pate (fresh from the Navy), Doug Lowe (fresh from medical school), John Hannon, Sidney Teel, Larry and Maxine Bernard, Manny Correia, Wolfgang Bringmann (fresh from Germany), Lou Wood, Jim Morris, David Sparks, and Bob Travis. Some of these may have started the next year, but they seemed to be in the same classes as I most of the time (add Joel Warm and Bill Balance to the list too).

I remember some big events during those first years of the program: the arrival of the "Boy Professor", Tom Gilbert, and the big grant proposal; visitation of the APA accreditation committee and the grilling we students took; your enthusiasm at announcing that Purdue's Frank Shaw had accepted the position of Director of Clinical Training. There were some low points too, as the same Frank Shaw died of a heart attack and Oliver Lacey succumbed to a house fire trying to save his pet dog.

I believe that my personal highlight involved you. I think I was still an undergraduate and had been running rats as you continued to test your notions of drive additivity. Food-deprived male rats were allowed to mount receptive female rats and then were abruptly removed and placed into their home cages where their usual daily ration was waiting. Significant attenuation of normal 2-hour food intakes followed. You were quite pleased. I believe that the results were contrary to what you predicted, but the differences were significant and you were feeling good. For the first time, you invited me over for a drink that evening. I was pleased too. That night I was introduced to white lightning, or moonshine as some have referred to that potent potable. Fortunately, you had grapefruit juice to mask the pungent odor and taste. To me it seemed a lot like kerosene. It did not matter. You had invited me over to celebrate and it made my day. These eating data led to my first convention presentation (1959, St. Augustine) even though you were rightly listed as

the senior author. I revisited St. Augustine two years ago and was pleased to see that the old Ponce de Leon Hotel, the site of the convention, had not been destroyed as we heard was going to happen. It is now the home of Flagler College, and looks as magnificent as ever.

After next year I plan to retire from the Michigan system. Having bought in my three years from Alabama and my five years from Virginia, I will have 30 years in the Michigan retirement system. After 18 years off and on, Pat received her PhD two years ago. Failing to find an academic job in the area, she took a job at Ole Miss last fall as an Assistant Professor of Communicative Disorders (she is an audiologist). We have had a commuter marriage this year which has worked out fairly well. It is now her turn to play the university professor. If I can find a job within 200 miles of Oxford, I will take it and we will spend weekends together. Otherwise I will read, write (I have a book in statistics coming out this year), and tend the garden. I no doubt will spend some time visiting my only (so far) grandchild, a beautiful girl born last March 25. The mother is our daughter Lynn, an engineer with Proctor and Gamble in Cincinnati. Our son, Scott, is an accountant, still single at 27, who lives in Lansing.

I am very sorry that Pat and I will not be there on the 22nd to participate in the celebration. However, I will be spending the months of July and August in Oxford this year. Maybe we could come by for a visit during that time.

Please know that we will be there in spirit this Friday.

With warmth and affection,



Don Jackson

February 22, 1992

Dear Paul:

So nice to hear from you. I will happily do what I can to further your project. Prior to offering my recollections, however, I want to thank you again for your assistance and support throughout my graduate career. I was fortunate to receive the support of many people but I have always considered you to be the sine qua non.

Now to my recollections:

ALABAMA SPRINGS! Dogwood, azaleas, honeysuckle mingled with the fragrance of the damp earth. Every April my frigid Yankee soul yearns to be back in the Heart Of Dixie.

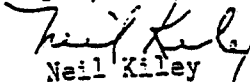
THE CHUKKER! My "domus ex dome" for most of the decade of the seventies. The ideal world in microcosm where bikers and college professors, gays and straights, hippies and townies peacefully, and sometimes blissfully co-existed.

FECHNER DAY! On October 22, 1850, Gustav Fechner awakened in Leipzig following a quasi-mystical experience. As a result of this epiphany, he became the father of psychophysics. Under the aegis of Dr. Ken Melvin, a band of serious students celebrated Fechner Day by repairing to a local watering hole. The day and a good portion of the night were spent in attempting to discover the Just Noticeable Difference between sobriety and intoxication.

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER: Bob Lyman. In the late sixties, Bob was a defensive lineman for Brown. As Bob told it, his claim to fame was that Calvin Hill, the great running back, then at Yale and later with the Cowboys, stepped on Bob's chest en route to a 60 yard touchdown run. My favorite Lyman story occurred during a party which Bob hosted. As two new graduate students were about to cross the threshold, Bob, looking ursine and waving a wine bottle, screamed, "I don't care who you are or what your political affiliation, I want you out of my apartment." Shortly after this he fell on his coffee table and shattered it. Without missing a beat, he placed the table top on his head and raced across the living room yelling, "Surf's up."

Hope these are of some help. Good luck with the project. Please send me a copy.

Fax,


Neil Kiley

MEMORIES OF THE DOCTORAL GRADUATE DAYS - DAVID A. LOIRY, PH.D.

Our (Carol & I) events to remember began immediately with our arrival at the married student housing called Riverside on Labor Day weekend in 1961. I had been a master's level psychologist in the school system of Baltimore Co., Maryland for three years and we had lived in fairly comfortable surroundings. We went into 13-D (We still remember the number) and the first thing that greeted us was two wires hanging down from the ceiling which was all that was left from what was supposed to be the "living room" ceiling light. But there was more yet undiscovered! We ventured to the kitchen where a blackberry vine had grown up between the kitchen window and a crack in the floor and not even any blackberries! There were the remains of what apparently had been a spaghetti or chili supper on the kitchen wall. We soon discovered that we had way too much furniture and proceeded to take much of it to my sister to be stored in Sylacauga which I am sure she really appreciated. We finally learned to use every available cubic inch and seriously were grateful that we had these quarters for such a reasonable rate (\$25.00 a month plus about \$2.50 for air conditioning).

Doctoral level classes and the professors were tough, very tough (which I appreciate to this day). However, when party time came, we would all get together, sometimes at a faculty home and often as not in one of the married student homes and all sit around on the floor and have a great time. Come the inevitable Monday and it was back to the same grind.

Another thing which jumps out at me (Paul, use this at your discretion) was the nicknames given to the professors. They included "Penis" for Paul Siegel (the big "daddy", head of the dept at that time); "Black Jack" for Jack Atthowe (the tests he gave in theories of personality); "Dirty George" (for the tests that he gave in experimental psychology); "Dad" Peyman (for whatever reason, the professor from Bryce who taught psychopathology), and I'm sure that subsequent professors have achieved infamy for various reasons.

One of the most intense periods regarded the early problems with integration. I can still vividly recall seeing the quadrangle surrounding the library covered with every imaginable police car from the entire State. I really wanted to get a photograph of that never to be repeated scene, but we were told that such activity would be "unstudent like behavior" and dealt with severely. Accordingly, I refrained. Gov. George Wallace made his "stand" in the schoolhouse door which Carol and I observed from afar. One of our memories involved leaving our home in married student housing to go camping and returning to find that we could not bring in our car or camper trailer into married student housing without a pass because it was quarantined as a result of fear of potential violence related to the upcoming admission of blacks to the University. It was the weekend and we had no way to obtain the pass. Fortunately, a student who was a neighbor saw us and transported some basic materials (not to mention ourselves) back to our quarters.

An outstanding occurrence was when President John Kennedy told the Soviet Union that we would not tolerate the shipment of missiles to Cuba. Carol & I remember stocking up on food and other items and believed that there was a very good chance that there would be a military confrontation, but totally supported the actions of the President.

One other item—the railroad that ran right by Riverside. We used to think at night that the mournful sounds that we heard were from the whistle of the trains that ran through that part of the campus, but later discovered that they were from the traffic on the nearby Black Warrior River. One time the Railroad brought the famous "General" of Civil War fame to the campus and sold rides for a local excursion. It was a real delight, especially for the children. I noted during our last visit that the tracks are gone.

Well, these were fascinating years involving frustration and pain, but most importantly—growth. To those professors and fellow students who shared these times I say, "God bless you and let us all continue to grow in all ways."



THE FLINDERS UNIVERSITY
OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

School of Social Sciences

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17th February, 1992.

Dr. Paul Siegel,
University Professor Emeritus,
Department of Psychology,
The University of Alabama,
Box 870348,
TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA. 35487-0348
U.S.A.

Dear Paul,

Great to hear about your project. I've been racking my brain for some form of clever recollection for your compilation. My most stunning ones (and these are by no means all that impressive) are:

- (1) a certain amount of apprehension at being informed that my office was located in the 'contagious ward'
- (2) little consolation that I needn't worry about finishing - Al Baumeister's formula had a critical variable that measured anxiety. Once the threshold was exceeded completion was just around the corner.

Somehow I got through it all and I'm still at it (Psychology) here down under. Last November I received notice that I'd been promoted to Reader (Professor) so I should be able to relax. It's not happening somehow. It's hard to imagine that it's been nearly 20 years since I first went to the heart of Dixie to commence my psychological career! I'd certainly like to have a copy of your history and a sticker is duly enclosed.

Happy trails,

Mary A. Luszcz,
Class of '75

JEANNE P. MOON, Ph.D.
2153 GOVERNMENT STREET
MOBILE, ALABAMA 36606

205/479-2812

CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY

January 7, 1992

Dr. Paul S. Siegel
University Professor Emeritus
Department of Psychology
The University of Alabama
348 Gordon Palmer
Tuscaloosa, AL 35487-0348

Dear Friend:

I can't believe you are undertaking another monumental task! Your idea of retirement was probably the only one of your values I didn't incorporate. I appear to be drawing a blank on "recollections" that aren't too bawdy to be published. However, I have a wealth of those.

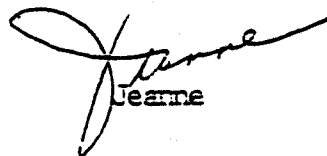
I remember the great threesome, Tom Burns, Brad Adams and myself spending twelve hours a day studying for comps - 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. - for what seems like months now. Then because we scored within 3-points of each other, the faculty threatened to fail us all. They didn't, but then we knew they wouldn't. Too much was invested in terms of their time and effort.

I also remember my dissertation problem with you as Chair. I couldn't build the equipment due to the five thumbs I have on each hand and a total lack of mechanical ability. A local (Tuscaloosa) machine shop agreed to build it for \$200.00. An enormous sum to me in 1965. My Chairman agreed it was outrageous, but gave me no solution to that insurmountable problem. The very next day my equipment miraculously appeared, completely assembled with a \$2.50 bill for materials, to make that the happiest day of my academic career.

I'm sure the close personal relationships that were formed in those days were partially due to the fact that there were so few of us. I wonder if most people come through trauma with so many positive feelings. I think not.

Yes, I want one. I wish I had some profound offering to send. I don't, I just hope you know how much I still appreciate you.

Best love,


Jeanne

JPM/cn

CHARLES S. NEWMARK, PH.D.
DIPLOMATE IN CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY
800 EASTOWNE DRIVE, SUITE 207
CHAPEL HILL N. C. 27514

64

919-942-5249

December 30, 1991

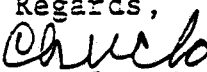
Paul S. Siegel, Ph.D.
University Professor Emeritus
Department of Psychology
P.O. Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487-0348

Dear PSS:

Enclosed please find some recollections regarding my graduate school experiences at the University of Alabama from 1966-1971.

- The test-induced anxiety related to 1st year comps. and the support received from George Kellas and Terry Anders.
- Preparing for comps. with Al Finch and our shoe boxes full of note cards.
- Michael Dinoff's annual Christmas party.
- Greasy lunches at Druid Drug.
- Poker games with Drs. Miller and Siegel.
- The intimidation style of PSS with 1st year graduate students.
- Moving into the new psychology building and the size of Dr. Fowler's office.
- Traumatic experiences at Camp Ponderosa, including an overnight in the pouring rain where I eventually left to sleep in my car.
- Hoarding food in the trunk of my car (while at Camp Ponderosa) for an emergency, such as when a meal was missed.
- Dissertation orals at Dr. Fowler's home because of his injured back.
- Basketball games with Dr. Baumeister, Rex Forehand, John Anson, Charlie Ward and Al Finch.
- The Southern drawl of Lell Forehand.
- The compassion, warmth and sensitivity of Dr. Michael Dinoff.

I would appreciate receiving a copy of the history of the department.
Best wishes for the New Year.

Regards,

Charles S. Newmark

CSN:ggw

RETYPED

Paul - good morning

Your hello was a wonderful Christmas present. Memories & Feeloughts of you - and then, at your elicitation (illicitation?), of UA and me Thanks.

Here is one experience I had - feel free to edit if you deem it worthy of including -

....President (also - mistakenly? - Sec. of Education) Matthews told us that "I cannot protect you. The state troopers have been withdrawn. (We knew: to the armory down the Blvd.) Campus police cannot handle an assault on you [by fellow students or locals]."... "Sorry, sir, we believe this is important. Teaching is what a University is for. And this University needs to learn more about what's happening and why." (I know our spokesman was much more eloquent and colorful.)....

....3:00 p.m., Friday. Dr. Matthews had cancelled classes and exhorted students to go home early. The Quad seemed deserted. Traffic along University Blvd. was sparse. About twenty (maybe thirty) of us gathered just north of Denny Chimes. We were very quiet. Skittish. The leader reminded us why we were there: a teach in, not to provoke anyone and not to respond to any (would be) hecklors. No one was around except us....

....about 3:15. State trooper cars began parking along University Blvd, in front of the Chimes: maybe six or eight. No Sirenes. No flashing lights...still no one else around...we were teaching ourselves. They got out of their cars: some two, or three or four per car. They went to their trunks...our leader continued: stay calm, do not provoke the "gentlemen pigs" (vs. what we called City Police). (We had a night and were right to be there. There should be no problem.)...They did not get billy clubs and shields from the trunks. They put on helmets. They took out shot guns! They hitched gas masks to their belts. Some had gas cannisters and launchers...shot guns! There was no one there but us and them....They surrounded us: about 20 to 30 yards away. We continued our teach-in: expressing our nervous, sarcastic appreciation for the president's protection.

Their leader bellowed into his bullhorn. (His blast plus my being scared to death of a southern accent on a cop drowned out every other sound.) "You have fifteen minutes to disburse." He said we were disturbing the peace and disobeying the University President: that we should go home....Our leader told us: be calm, be quiet, do not say anything to them: stand up, don't jump: walk, do not run: in ones or twos, no bigger groupings....we would meet later....

Jackson State. Kent State. University of Alabama.

Lots have happened in 20 years since then. Married. Two boys (now 2 & 4). And an opportunity to soon be a house husband. HCA has given me the opportunity to help create a special place for children (Vanderbilt Child and Adolescent Psychiatric Hospital - a joint venture with HCS). And I think I've found an answer to John Glenn's Question—"what does a person do after going to the moon?" (VCAPH has been better than I dreamed, it's been my moon trip.) The answer? Return to family...full time.

When you make it to Nashville, come on by -

Bill Nolan
308 May belle Ln
Nashville, TN 37205
615-353-1011

P.S.

Sho nuf, I want one.

Consult

Steven W. Pollard Ph. D.

67

45-710 Keeshala Rd.
Kaneohe, HI 96744
Office 808-235-0131
808 247-2191

1/21/92

Dr. Paul S. Siegel
University of Alabama
Department of Psychology
348 Gordon Palmer
P.O. Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, AL. 35487-0348

Dear Paul:

Good to hear from you even if it was a form letter. Jerry and I talk about you from time to time with fond memories. As to recollections, I don't know what to say. Most vivid I suppose is of you stroking your beard and asking for the answer to a question in "a nut shell". I loved learning theory and still do. It seems to be the foundation of most of what I do. Graduate School, I learned a lot and enjoyed the process. Still use the concepts, e.g. perception of internal locus of control, my Master's Thesis with you, "Success Striving and Failure Avoiding."

Camp Ponderosa, holding the kids until they calmed down enough to have a problem session. Training the counselors for the next session at Camp Ponderosa and playing the Game of Life which led to a huge argument between all present and especially between me and Jerry. It also led to area of my dissertation "Effects of Power on Cooperation" in a mixed motive game design. Results (found to be verified by life experience) power (if as is usually the case, used unfairly) inhibits cooperation.

Opening night party at Ray Fowler's house to welcome new and returning graduate students; meeting my wife to be and being told by her "You're out of your class." Getting so drunk I didn't remember where I had left my car and fearing I'd be kicked out of the program the first day.

Charlie Rickard being shocked when almost unanimously his behavior mod class told him it was dangerous out there in real life.

My 200 + responses to the Rorschach that Mike Dinoff dutifully tried to interpret.

Sitting in the Carrels engaging in "Primary Process" an excuse to talk dirty and pretend to be intellectual.

Well enough. Not much in the way of developmental history, just memories. I didn't plan or develop any part of the program. I was just one of your students. I am thankful for that opportunity and what it has allowed me to do. I love doing therapy, helping people with their problems, just LOVE IT and I get PAID! for doing it. What a world. I remember wanting to get out of the military early and they (the military) had at that time a program to let one out up to 3 months early if you were registered in school. What could I go to school in? I had majored in psychology at UA so why not try that. On a trip through Tuscaloosa I met with Ken Melvin (We were old Chuckker drinking buddies.) and asked if I could get in the program. He said sure. I had no idea how hard it was to get accepted to the program at that time and wasn't all that interested in becoming a psychologist anyway. I just knew that I wanted to get out of the military and to "work with people". That could have been anything. I didn't even know the difference or that there was a difference between clinical and experimental parts of the program. Later when I realized the difference and asked to be transferred to the clinical program, Rickard and I'm sure others felt that I had gotten into the program by subterfuge. I'm sure that I wouldn't have had the opportunity if it hadn't been for Ken. Please tell him thanks.

Good luck with your project. Things like that are a whole lot easier with computer word processors. Please have your secretary note my change of address. If "youall" ever get out to Hawaii, we'd love to see you.

Keep on Trucking,



December 30, 1991

Paul S. Siegel
University Professor Emeritus
348 Gordon Palmer
Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487-0348

Dear Paul:

I am pleased to be a part of your project, you mentioned it to me when we were there for PSS Day. I was afraid idea had died. The following is a list of things I remember and I hope this is what you want. Correct in green ink and return, constructive criticism is always welcome.

1. I vividly remember the unprecedented hospitality extended to us by the entire faculty when we moved to Tuscaloosa. The Browns deserve special mention for allowing us to stay in their home that first summer when our housing arrangements fell apart.

2. Particularly noteworthy was the intellectual, financial, and moral support which permitted the establishment and operation of the best operant laboratory in the Southeast. Walter Sullins' enthusiastic contribution of his time and considerable talent cannot be underestimated. Without him SEBAC could not have existed.

3. The tolerance of many faculty members for the frequently strident opinions of the SEBAC group, even though these opinions were antithetical to the professional orientation of many of the tolerant, was a unique experience.

4. I will always retain fond memories of Paul S. Siegal who snatched me from the jaws of certain academic death and kept all the promises he made. Steve Kendall should also be remembered as a major professor who helped when it was needed and maintained a laissez faire intellectual position the rest of the time. He was a good friend and a hellva banjo picker.

5. The comradery of the SEBAC students and the folks who worked and partied with them provided an excellent buffer for what could have been a very stressful period for the students.

6. The graduate program was rigorous, fair, and free of the authoritarian "puberty rite" atmosphere common to many graduate programs.

Gail and I are tentatively planning a trip South in the late spring. We will contact you and hope to visit.

Thank you for the opportunities you have given me.

Keep pecking,


John J. Randolph, Ph.D.

JJR/blm

I didn't mention the finale you
and Steve performed following the
classical guitar concert.

BEHAVIORAL ASSOCIATES

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New York, N.Y. 10128
Tel (212) 860-8500 Fax (212) 860-9597

January 7, 1992

Dept. of Psychology
Paul Siegel, Ph. D.
Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487

Dear Paul,

I was delighted to hear from you and am happy to contribute. My four years down South (75-79) now seem like a blur to me (kind of like how Bob Stainbach could whistle a jumpshot over your outstretched hands; blink and its gone).

For a kid from New York and later college in Philly the years represent a real sweet breath of fresh air in my life. Lynn Rice always used to say that Northerners were angular and Southerners had smooth edges. I never forgot that. I guess I look back on those years as a time of warmth, excessive amounts of pleasure, generous people, and some real hard work.

In the four years I spent in Tuscaloosa, the New York Yankees took the World Series twice up in the Bronx, I took five bucks off Blaise Mercandantes when we caught the Red Sox in 78, and Rick Kamins and I spent a glorious afternoon watching the Yankees play an exhibition game on campus. Many a night Rick and I hung around his car outside the Chucker waiting for the late baseball scores on his car radio. I came home to New York in 79 and Bama wins the National championship in football that fall. Yankee Thurmon Munson dies in his jet and the Yankees haven't won since.

I've never forgotten two people who went out of their way to make sure a confused New Yorker got settled at the outset-Becky Pollit and Fletcher Hamilton.

I remember severely spraining my left ankle during my first semester in a basketball game at Northington (Shelly Rosensweig gratefully made sure I got home) and being on crutches for several months. During this period the results of your first Learning exam came back (I never in my life studied so hard for an exam). Unfortunately, my study partner was Alison Nathan, who received an F but later redeemed herself by giving up romance novels and acing the course. I was mortified to learn I'd gotten a B minus on something I had spent so much time on so I called you up to make an appointment to beg and whine. You agreed to see me at 9am the next morning in your office. At 8:45am I finally finished climbing the stairs at Gordon Palmer Hall (3 flights right?) on my crutches. When we saw each other in front of the office you took one look at me and realizing I was 15 minutes early deadpanned "Kind of anxious, aren't you kid? You must have felt sorry for me with the crutches and all because you changed my grade to a B plus.

Robert H. Reiner, Ph.D. Gordon G. Ball, Ph.D. Nina Bronfman
Administrative Director *Clinical Director* *Administrator*

Eric Redlener, Ph.D. Harriet Mischel, Ph.D. Julie Hall, M.S.W. Michael Minervini, Ph.D. Lawrence Peters, M.D.
Patricia Imbimbo, Ph.D. Betsy Schur Levy, Ph.D. Ursula Schaefer Ofman, Ph.D.

Another moment frozen in my mind; trying to lobby the experimental students not to agree to Norm Ellis's request that the Human Learning and Memory final be given on a Saturday morning. The Gateband was playing at Lee's Tomb that Friday night and I had made plans with Zach Scherbrel, Steve Bonfilio, Mike Kleinot, Rhonwyn Carson, and MaryLou Shelton to study a different subject- Recreational Psychopharmacology. My lobbying attempt failed, I sulked, and indeed the exam was scheduled for that Saturday. I went to Lee's Tomb anyway and proceeded to flunk the final.

When people glance at my Alabama diploma in my Manhattan office they sometimes say "Alabama! How could someone like you spend four years down there?" I tell them it was four of the best years of my life. I only hope that one day I bring my wife and two sons down for a visit.

Warmest Regards,


Rob Reiner



February 28, 1992

Paul S. Seigel, Ph.D.
University Professor Emeritus
Department of Psychology
Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487-0348

Dear Paul:

I am sorry to have taken so long to respond to your letter regarding recollections from my years in graduate school. Let me first say that I definitely want a copy of your book when it is completed. I also want to mention that I have changed affiliations and apparently the department does not have my current address. I am now Director of Neuropsychology at The Institute for Rehabilitation and Research at the Texas Medical Center. I have academic affiliations with Baylor College of Medicine, University of Texas Health Sciences Center, and the University of Houston. My new address is:

Neuropsychology Department
The Institute for Rehabilitation and Research
1333 Moursund
Houston, Texas 77030
Phone: 713-799-5041

Please pass this information on to the appropriate departmental person if you have any opportunity to do so.

With regard to my recollections of my years in graduate school at the University of Alabama from 1976 to 1981, I find no paramount memory, but rather a collage of mostly positive recollections. Among these memories are countless discussions of the meaning of life, or some equally amorphous topic, with Alison, Dan, Rick, Jim, Rick, Kathy, Sue, Carol, and others. I seem to recall that many of these discussions took place at late hours at various bars or, on special occasions, at "Nick's in the Sticks." I recall Asa's Halloween parties and all night report writing sessions with Howard in Muscle Shoals. I recall Ron's support and my excitement with my first publication. I remember losing virtually every hand in poker games at Paul's house. And, I remember being happy and sad when it was time to move on. Oh, I also



Paul S. Siegal, Ph.D.
February 28, 1992
Page 2

remember going to a dinner, years later, to honor Paul on his retirement and seeing so many familiar faces and a few friends. And, I remember feeling happy and sad all over again.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Mark".

Mark Sherer, Ph.D.

**Veterans
Administration**

December 27, 1991

In Reply Refer To:

Paul S. Siegel, Ph.D
University Professor Emeritus
Department of Psychology
348 Gordon Palmer Hall
Box 870348
The University of Alabama
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487-0348

Dear Dr. Siegel:

Great hearing from you, Paul! Hope all is well for you and yours. Everything is fine up here.

You are asking for some thoughts for your "History of the [Psychology] Department." I do have a few ideas:

1. Your very own "Happy Motoring" still reverberates in my headbone - even after all these years!
2. Mike Dinoff's (may he rest) "Be Great" keeps Mike's spirit alive in my mind. It is a phrase I use raising my own three children.
3. Speaking of Mike, when I was a counselor at his camp in Mentone, Alabama I took my group of 8-9 year-old boys on a hike. While swimming down a stream one of the boys left the water and proceeded to grab a large snapping turtle by the tail! Fortunately no one was hurt, but that incident sticks out in my mind (along with the camping experience in general and Mike's leadership/role modeling in particular) as some outstanding experiences at 'Bama.
4. A sense of pride in Dr. Ray Fowler going on to become APA's Chief Executive Officer.

Paul, thank you for a fine and memorable graduate education in Psychology and for taking the initiative to trace our Department's history. Good luck with this project! Yes, I would appreciate a copy of the memorabilia when it's completed.

Stay healthy, enjoy a happy holiday season and New Year, and please send my best to the others (including Charlie Rickard!) in the Department.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sam".

Sam Stern
Chief, Psychology Service

University of Cincinnati



McMicken College of Arts and Sciences

Department of Psychology

Dyer Hall (ML 376)
Cincinnati, Ohio 45221-0376

April 3, 1992

Dr. Paul S. Siegel
Department of Psychology
University of Alabama
Box 870348
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487-0348

Dear Dr. Siegel:

Please forgive my delayed response to your letter of last December. I think that a history of the department is a marvelous idea, and who else but you is more suited to write it. I would love to have a copy. In the spirit of your letter, "Sho nuf, I want one!"

Your request for recollections brought back a flood of memories. It only seems like yesterday that I was a grad student in the department. However, in thinking about those days, I realized that some of my current graduate students who are close to completing their Ph.D.'s weren't even born in that era. Time perspective can be humbling. At any rate, here are some of my fondest memories.

I recall my first view of the campus in the spring of 1960. The azaleas and dogwood were in bloom and the buildings blended into the surrounding foliage as if they were part of a great natural plan. The serenity and beauty of the campus was a far cry from the army post in which I had spent the last two years and from my urban roots in New York. It was love at first sight; at least on my part.

I also recall my initial impression of the department. The faculty seemed to be a group of tough-minded and extremely capable scholars who were at the threshold of developing a superb master's program into an equally excellent doctoral program. It seemed like a "no-nonsense" faculty which would demand much and require absolute commitment to learning. At the same time, one would have a great opportunity to stretch one's mind and become a well-trained psychologist and to do this in a dynamic academic venue. These impressions were more than confirmed during my graduate days at "Bama." I shall always be grateful for being selected as a student in the program.

My roommate while in school was Charles Kargleder, a grad student in Spanish. He is now Prof. Kargleder, Coordinator of English and Romance Languages at Spring Hill College in Mobile, and my closest friend. Charlie, who

hailed from South Dakota, and this other "Yankee" from New York, were so busy in the first weeks of our initial semester at the university that we didn't realize where we were. One day, we went to see "Gone With the Wind." and then drove out to the Tuscaloosa VA to study in the lab I had there. Upon passing Bryce Hospital, we both remarked, "Good grief", its Tara, we're in the "Deep South." Yankees though we were, we came to love our new home.

As I am sure is the case with many other students, "Learning" was the toughest graduate course I had encountered at the time. It has remained so ever since. It was also the finest course I have ever had, taught by the greatest teacher I have ever known. The course set the tone of my research career. While I have pursued interests in the field of perception, the style of thinking and the appreciation of theory that you demanded in that course were crucial elements in my professional maturity. I cut my teeth on the hypothetical-deductive method in the learning course and that developmental achievement is evident in my work to this very day.

I can picture you at the lectern describing with clarity and excitement the intricacies of Hullian theory ("our theory" as you liked to call it on exams) and the nuances of what seemed like hundreds of experiments with nothing more than a few 3 x 5 note cards to guide you. I remember your incisive analyses and your ability to get us to think in a critical and intellectually bold manner. I also remember the consequences of our failure to do so! One of my most satisfying moments in graduate school came the summer after I had made it through the learning sequence. I returned for a visit to the Army Medical Research Laboratory at Fort Knox, where I had been stationed prior to coming to Alabama. While at the lab, I had been known as a fair to middling master's level psychophysicist and an ignoramus in learning. One staff member used to ride me mercilessly about my lack of achievement in the latter domain, and he tried it again when I returned. This time he was in for a rude shock. After a while he asked in an embarrassed stupor, "Where did you get all that stuff?" "I just had a year with Siegel," I boasted. My ex-tormentor blurted, "Damn, why didn't you warn me!"

My major professor in the department was George Passey, also known as "Dirty George." He earned that sobriquet not for his personal style but for his demands for excellence and his nasty tests. Dr. Passey would haunt the library to assure himself that assigned readings were actually read. He also had ways of asking subtle but probing questions to check up on students. If some article or book had been

assigned but not read by what Dr. Passey deemed a suitable number of students, you could be sure that material would be heavily represented on an exam. If he came to class with a sly smile and a twinkle in his eye, you could also be sure that sometime during that class he would announce a pop-quiz. Unfortunately, you could only be certain of the coming of such an event once you got to class. From day to day, he was totally unpredictable. Hence, one studied all the time. "Old Dirt," as he was often called liked to project the image of a fearful tyrant. In reality, he was one of the most sensitive and caring professors a student could have. Many times, he went out of his way to help. I think that his favorite activity was aiding young minds to grow. He took great pride in his students and continued to follow their careers long after graduation. I owe my postdoctoral fellowship to him, and as a consequence, much of my professional career.

Two memories of Dr. Passey stand out, both involving meetings of the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology. During my second year at the university, I delivered a paper at a meeting in Knoxville and was confronted with a persistent questioner who found fault with a statistical procedure I had used. I was fairly sure I was right but felt uneasy in asserting myself. Suddenly, Dr. Passey stood up and announced that he had supervised the research and that if there were any questions they should be addressed to him. The questioner immediately backed off. Later, I thanked Dr. Passey, for bailing me out and especially for accepting responsibility for a project he really had no knowledge of (John Kew of the Tuscaloosa VA was the supervisor). He answered, "That's ok, I know that guy, he likes to bait graduate students but has no guts."

Some years later after I had been working for a while, I became the program chair of a Southern Society meeting which was held at the University of Georgia. As part of my duties I was responsible for organizing a session in honor of Dr. Frank Geldard of Princeton, the dean of all Sensory psychologists in the United States and one of the most well known sensory researchers in the world. The meeting was a great success. As I sat there watching many of Dr. Geldard's students fete their mentor, Dr. Passey quietly joined me. From the look on his face, I knew he was proud. It was like having my Dad near my side. It is a special moment I shall never forget.

Of all the dynamic faculty members I can recall, the most vital was Mike Dinoff. I remember his coming to the Tuscaloosa VA to develop the first laboratory for psychological research at that station. Mike faced many

obstacles, not the least of which was the lack of equipment, space and funding. However, he combined intellectual brilliance with great research skill, bulldog tenacity and the ability to inspire students and gain their undying loyalty. He was perfect for the job. He and Charlie Rickard built a powerful research facility which had the honor of being one of the earliest labs for the study of the then emerging field of behavior modification in the country. Mike turned many, many students on to research, most of whom remained as his close friends. Mike's untimely passing was probably as great a shock to us old folks as to the students then in the department.

Speaking of Charlie Rickard, I remember a two-semester seminar in research methods in psychotherapy that he taught with Ray Fowler. Charlie handled one semester and Dr. Fowler the other. Some of us senior-level "experimentalists" in that seminar thought it would be a snap. What could those "clinicians" know about research. Boy, were we surprised! Those clinicians knew a hell of a lot more than we did! Graciously, they taught us rather than hang us out to dry.

Another faculty member who comes to mind is Dr. Frank Shaw. His course in Industrial Psychology was very interesting. I was especially taken by Dr. Shaw's theory of humor which held that humor is based upon the unexpected and the incongruous. I had often wondered about the curious human trait of laughter. Dr. Shaw's ideas were the first I'd encountered which were aimed at explaining it.

Although not a faculty member, one of the most important people in my career at Alabama was Dr. Michel Loeb. Mike Loeb did his undergraduate work in the department in the 1940's. Indeed, he had a double major -- chemical engineering and psychology. Dr. Loeb is a classic example of one of the "Bama" boys who went on to a superb career in science. He earned international recognition for his work in psychoacoustics and vigilance and was a leading figure in the world of human factors. He is beloved by a legion of graduate students whom he later taught at the University of Louisville. I worked for him in the service at Fort Knox. It was Mike Loeb who led me to apply to his alma mater for graduate work. It was also Mike Loeb who steered me into vigilance research when I later served under him as a postdoctoral fellow at Louisville. Vigilance remains the research area with which I am most closely identified. Thus, my ties to Alabama are long indeed.

In addition to people, facilities are also part of my memories. Included, are ancient Comer Hall, which housed the department and now houses Romance Languages, I believe, the

one-story army barracks in the woods between Comer and Bryce Hospital which served as our animal lab and my time perception lab at the Tusacalcosa VA. The barracks and the woods are now gone. God knows what has become of the lab at the VA.

I hope that some of this material will be useful. It was fun to think back. I thought these things would be lost in the mists of memory. The ease with which they could be retrieved surprised me. I guess one just doesn't forget graduate school, especially when the experiences were so meaningful.

On a personal note, the Warm household is aging a bit. My son Eric is a third-year medical student at the University of Cincinnati and my daughter Ellen, who will graduate from UC this June, will be attending Ohio State in the fall to study veterinary medicine. She was also accepted at Auburn. Her going there, however, could have caused a civil war -- this is a "Bama" house, no doubt about it!

Things continue to be quite busy in the lab. My vigilance work been funded by NASA and some other sources and Bill Dember and I have moved the research in two new directions. One of these involves the perceived workload inherent in vigilance tasks. Contrary to traditional belief, we have discovered that the cost of mental operations in vigilance is quite substantial and are having fun pursuing this new development. I've enclosed a short report that can serve as an example. The second direction is the study of the effects of olfactory stimuli on vigilance. That story is contained in the other reprint I have sent along. The olfactory work has attracted considerable media attention, including a report in National Geographic and descriptions on CNN, CBS, BBC and the Voice of America. Research can sure lead you to some strange places.

I have the honor this year of serving as President of the Southern Society. Along with Jim Pate, this makes two of your boys who have served in that capacity. I believe you have the record for producing the most SSPP Presidents.

I hope that life is good to you and that you are having a grand time. Stay well and active.

All the best,



Joel S. Warm

DIPLOMATE IN CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY
AMERICAN BOARD OF PROFESSIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

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INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF BEHAVIORAL MEDICINE

David L. Willard, Ph.D.
14 Los Encinos Dr.
Monterey, California 93940

January 25, 1992

Dear Paul,

I received your letter requesting reflections and recollections of days of yore. Ironically, I may have anticipated your letter in what I wrote on the back of the two photographs enclosed with the Christmas card.

Let me see what I can provide that might be of value,

"The images of the Department of Psychology at the University of Alabama seem just about as clear to me today as they did over twenty years ago. For the school, what stands out are Comer Hall and the Psychology Clinic - about as far apart as they could have been located and still be on campus. I enjoyed Comer Hall with its tall-brick chimney, and old electric generator, planted on the front lawn like an anchor. Comer Hall had charm. I recall taking classes there - Learning Theory, History and Systems, Statistics. I recall sitting in Dr. Siegel's lecture room, with the window open, and the summer heat of the South coming in. If I remember correctly, a large storage area for coal was adjacent to the room.

Students would sit on the side steps of Comer Hall, waiting for classes to begin, or just to pass the time. Or we'd gather in a small coffee shop across the road in Wood Hall.

The new building, not so new anymore, went into service during my second year of graduate school. When I returned from my internship, most of the teaching, research, and clinical practice were conducted there. For the new students, it presumably was nice. But for me, it didn't feel the same, or as comfortable, as the previous arrangement.

I returned to the University in October of 1991, the first visit back in 20 years. What surprised me most was how tiny the Psychology Clinic was. Marilyn and I peered into the front door, and I tried to imagine the waiting room full of patients, often residents of Partlow awaiting WISC or Stanford-Binet testing. I recall administering these tests and always being tempted to say, "Now I want you to repeat the numbers you're about to hear from the examiner in the booth right next to us." Sound proofing wasn't particularly good. I remember sitting at the bottom of steps that lead up

to the second floor waiting while Phil Erdberg saw a patient who had called in distress late in the evening. He needed someone to be in the building while he and the female patient were there.

Michael Dinoff taught the testing courses. Charlie Rickard and Raymond Fowler taught the therapy courses.

I would go for lunch nearly every day at Druid Drug Store, across from the psychology clinic to have a ham and cheese sandwich and vanilla milk shake.

Friends. I can't put enough emphasis on how wonderful and important my friends were. They were great. Tom and Mary Beth Mulhern. Kathy and Navarro Faircloth. Phil Erdberg. Ed Youbert. Jane Allen.

Jane and I did our master's theses and dissertations together, helping with ideas, research design, and building the equipment. My dedications for both, are to Jane. She is still very special to me.

The campus has more buildings on it now. There are few familiar faces among the facility, and names of professors that I don't recognize on posted grade sheets.

But walking from the library to the Psychology Building feels the same now as it did 20 years ago."

Hopefully, this is of value. And I hope all is well.

Happy Perceptions (?)

David L. Willard

P.S. I would appreciate it if you would ask the Administrative Staff to change my address. It's been a long time since I was Chief of an Army Psychology Service.

Both my work and home address are the same - as printed at the top of this letter.

TAKE CARE,
David

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